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THE MIND

AND

OTHER POEMS.

THE MIND,

AND

Other Poems.

BY

CHARLES SWAIN.

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TO

ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ., L.L.D.,

Poet Laureate,

THIS VOLUME

IS

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

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THE MIND,

A Poem,

IN FOUR PARTS,

PART FIRST.

ANALYSIS.—PART I.

Invocation to the Mind—its divine and imperishable nature—creative faculties—dominion over all animate and inanimate objects.—Eloquence;—its power over the passions,—Cicero and Demosthenes —Chatham and Sheridan.

Painting:—Emotions of the Mind produced by the beautiful, sublime, or melancholy character of scenery.—Masters of the imitative Arts; Angelo, Raphael, Corregio. Influence of the productions of Art upon the imagination. Remembrances connected with the Portraits of deceased relatives and friends.

Poesy:—The beauty and elevation of its impressions upon the heart. Invocation to Shakspeare, Milton, Byron, Hemans, and Landon.—Whatever is beautiful in creation must perish ere the feeling of Poesy shall become extinct.

Episode:—Fatal consequences of Dissipation upon the Mind.

INTRODUCTION.

Voice of the human heart! Thou voice divine!—
First-born of love and beauty—Poesy!—
Once more I bend, a votary at thy shrine;
My wild-flower wreathes I dedicate to thee:—
And all ungraced and simple as they be,
Embalm their leaves and they shall ne'er decay;
But live a token and a memory
With those I love, when I am far away,
And set—for ever set—my young life's fleeting day!

I.

As in the presence of the Sun—grown blind
In contemplation of this Light supreme,
This mystery and this majesty of Mind—
The glory and the vastness of its beam—
I bend!—Yet trust that He who can redeem
Mine eyes from darkness, and my heart make strong,
Will sanctify my spirit to the theme!—
Will lend an inspiration to my tongue,
That it may language win immortal as my Song.

II.

To breathe of beauty and eternal youth,
To sing the Mind's perceptions and its power,
Its grandeur, grace, divinity, and truth;
The triumphs of its genius—which o'ertower
The stars in glory!—and record each hour
Improvement celebrates in every clime!—
Lending a foretaste of that heavenly dower,
When this immortal visitant of Time
Shall speak with angel-minds in angel-worlds sublime.

III.

We seek not with the scholiast to dissect
This subtle frame of matter;—how 't was wrought:
Can finite sight infinity inspect?—
This organ of intelligence, and thought,
We know with sympathies supernal fraught;
But how to trace, or how their source define,
Vainly, as yet, Philosophy hath sought:
God, in his own creations, sets the line,
Nor sun, nor star, nor Mind, beyond that bound may shine.

IV.

But, oh! the world of wonder and delight
Our God hath portioned us!—how much for prayer—
For praise—for gratitude—should we unite?—
To taste this fount of loveliness,—this air
Of life to breathe,—this golden earth to share!—
The Poet's heart may find abundant store,
It needs no metaphysic wing to bear
The Mind in search of a remoter shore,
Here Nature's living fruit shows Heaven at its core!

V.

Love Poetry—for she is Heaven's growth!
Wisdom's sublimer spirit,—made alone
For man, and man for her;—Nature for both:—
Affection makes her glowing heart its throne,—
Beauty meets music on her lips—her tone
Gives life to thought when all save thought 's expired!
Love Poetry, and make her charms thine own:
She loves *thee;*—never spirit more desired
To bless and grace mankind than she—the God-inspired.

VI.

Neglect her not—but cultivate her joy!—
And she will lead thee to each classic shrine;
Show thee her Works, which Time could ne'er destroy:—
Paintings—where taste and genius combine,
And Colours speak with eloquence divine;
Lead thee where o'er her kingdom of the dead,
Sculpture sits throned:—oh, make her treasures thine!
Love Poetry!—she comes with angel-tread,
With heart for all mankind! Blessings for every head!—

VII.

Devotion reigns wherever she has trod;
For she is Virtue's and Religion's friend!
Unto the footstool of a listening God
Upon *her* wings the Sabbath Hymns ascend!—
Her steps to all sublimer regions tend,
Man's dark and still repining doubts to quell;
She 'gainst Oppression's front her bow did bend;
She struck for Freedom in the shaft of Tell,—
And Brutus heard her voice when the last Tarquin fell!—

VIII.

Ray of the living God!—Ethereal Mind!—
Immortal image of the Deity!—
Spirit! by whatsoever name defined,
My young adoring lyre would sing of thee!—
For thou art of the Great Sublimity
A portion and a sign;—the mighty seal
Of an Almighty writer:—hence, to be
A glory round the throne where Angels kneel,
Or festering in the woes which tongue may not reveal!

IX.

Thou hast dominion over space and time!
The treasures of all nations are thine own;
Whate'er of vast—or noble—or sublime
Lies stretch'd within the shadow of each zone,
Is thine—imperishably thine—alone!
The destiny of worlds affects thee not;—
Age may consume the monarch and his throne—
Oblivion whelm the palace and the cot—
But thou wilt still survive when these are all forgot.

X.

Thou art the strength of Freedom—and the light
That animates the Patriot to declaim
Against the venders of his country's right,
And stamp their deeds with everlasting shame!
Upon thy pinions soars the bard to fame,
And emulates the grandeur of the sky!—
His sole ambition to deserve a name
Within his Island's records, pure and high;
To win one fadeless wreath—then bless his lyre—and die!

XI.

Were there no stone in Rome, left to record
The splendour and the grace of Cicero's name,
Language must perish, wither every word,
Ere fate could all annihilate his fame:
And Athens, thou hast an immortal claim,
A spell to wake the reverence of song;—
Where Philip, baffled,—foiled in every aim,—
Fell 'neath Demosthenes,—whose gifted tongue
Lent vigour to the weak, and valour to the strong!—

XII.

And shall the mind of Sheridan expire?—
Must Chatham's voice be soundless as the grave?—
Is there no atom of a quenchless fire—
Is there no charm in memory to save
The eloquence of genius from the wave
Of dull oblivion—echoless decay?—
Oh, whilst one pulse remains that nature gave,
Whilst feeling beats within a breast of clay—
Not thus shall virtue fall, and genius pass away.

XIII.

Oh my own land! my beautiful free land!—
Soil of the gifted—mother of the brave—
I love the very shells that gem thy strand—
I gaze with pride upon thy bounding wave:
Though o'er my head the thunder storm may rave,
Thus do I greet the elemental ire—
Rage on, and strike!—if thou canst find a slave,
A heart that doth not glow with freedom's fire—
Strike!—These are Albion's shores—*are* bend but to thy sire!

XIV.

The dust we tread is portion of the bold—
The heroic ashes of the charnell'd dead,
Whose arms were mighty in the days of old:
Chivalrous days!—Brave hearts!—for ever fled;—
For this—for this their gallant bosoms bled;
No *selfish* honour—but a nation's gain!—
That free might be our shrines—the homes we tread—
Free,—free the mountain and the vernal plain—
And shiver'd every link of Gaul's despotic chain.

XV.

Thine are, oh Mind!—the colours which delight
The artist in his visionary mood!—
Thou art the inspiration and the might—
The deep enchantment of his solitude!
What time nor breath, nor sounds of life intrude—
Where Alps on Alps eternally seem piled—
Then is thy best—thy holiest impulse wooed!
Amid the grand, the wonderful, the wild,
For ever have thy loftiest revelations smiled.

XVI.

The mighty and immortal energies
That crown'd the genius of young Angelo,
And steep'd his spirit in the richest dyes
That nature's wealthiest fountains could bestow;
The tastes, the passions, sentiments, which show
The eloquence of colours—and those fine
Mysterious sympathies that thrill and glow,
Like stars which burn and tremble as they shine,—
Gifting the painter's sight with glories all divine.

XVII.

Who may behold the works of Raphael's hand
And feel no mountings of the soul within;
Find not his sphere of intellect expand,
And the creations of the pencil win
His thoughts towards heaven,—to which they are akin!
Ennobling his whole being,—touching chords
Of holiest sweetness,—purifying sin—
Raising a deathless moral that records
The majesty of truth, in *tints* surpassing *words!*—

XVIII.

Hues which are immortalities!—for age,
That moulders the high hand which gave them birth,
Consigns to dust the painter, poet, sage,
Increases but their glory and their worth:—
They are the gifts which dignify the earth!—
Exalt humanity, refine, inspire;
And lend a charm to grief—a grace to mirth!—
That wake the finest echoes of the lyre—
And stir the kindling heart with Hope's Promethean fire.

XIX.

What, though pale penury may haunt the spot
That genius hallows with its earliest flame,
Correggio lives while princes are forgot—
The canvass speaks when kingdoms lose their name.
Where lie the great whose gold was all their fame?—
May costly cenotaph—can sculptur'd tomb—
Save titled ashes from oblivion's claim?—
Yet there be names that years may not consume,
Nor misery corrode—nor death despoil their bloom.

XX.

West,[1] Reynolds, Wilson, Lawrence—these are names
My country!—dear—ay, doubly dear, to thee;
Gems of thine own heart's mine, whose lustre shames
The earlier record of thine history;—
High denizens of immortality,—
Enduring pillars of their native shore,—
Whose memories are a people's legacy!—
A rich bequeathment, and beloved the more,
For they were good as great, brave spirits born to soar.

XXI.

'T is not alone the poesy of form—
The melody of aspect—the fine hue
Of lips half blushing, odorous and warm,
Of eyes like heaven's own paradise of blue;
Nor all the graces that encharm the view
And render beauty still more beautiful;
But the *resemblances* that can renew
Past youth, past hopes, past loves, no shade may dull;
Affections, years may dim—but never quite annul!—

XXII.

Wresting from death and darkness, undecayed,
The kindred lineaments we honoured here;
The breast on which our infant brow had laid,
The lips that kiss'd away our first brief tear—
The all we lost, ere yet the funeral bier
Convey'd to our young souls how great a blow
Laid desolate the homes we loved so dear;—
Oh, heart!—too early wert thou doom'd to know
The grave that held thy sire, held all thy hopes below!

XXIII.

Then, ah!—for ever sacred be the Art
Which gave me all the grave had left of mine!
I gaze upon this portrait 'till my heart
Remembers every touch and every line;
And almost do I deem the gift divine,
Direct from heaven, and not from human skill:—
Instinct with love, those noble features shine—
The eyes some new expression seems to fill—
And half I know thee dead—half hope thee living still!

XXIV.

Through all the orphan loneliness of years
The lyre breath'd first to glad my silent way;
Dispell'd the gathering night of doubts and fears,
And, like Aurora, wreath'd the wings of day!—
No longer drooped my heart to gloom a prey:
That charm smiled o'er me, even in my dreams—
The source and spirit of all harmony—
Touching the future with romantic beams
And pouring freshness forth as from exhaustless streams.

XXV.

Spirit of Poesy! whom love first sought
Beside the founts of truth—the living springs
Of Beauty infinite:—Spirit of thought,
Of youth, hope, joy!—Angels array'd thy wings
In glory, and endow'd thy harp's bright strings
With power, with music, and sublimity—
Enwreath'd thee with immortal offerings—
Stretch'd out the heavens before thee far and free,
And sent thy genius forth through all immensity!—

XXVI.

First from the mount thou saw'st the sea launch'd wide
Through the unfathom'd channels of the earth;
Thou saw'st the Light flash from Jehovah's side—
The primal wonders of the world burst forth;
Thou heard'st the Word, that call'd the skies to birth,
And woke the planets to their watch of years;—
Thou heard'st creation sing His boundless worth,
While like the flashing of ten thousand spears
Out-sprung the blazing sun amidst the heavenly spheres!

XXVII.

For ever hast thou been a gift of light,—
A voice in the eternity of days,—
A presence in the everlasting sight,
Soaring where even seraphs fear to gaze—
Snatching the secret fire of heaven's own rays—
Wielding the thunders in thy fearless hold;
The awful hand alone, that made thee, stays
Thy vast ambition—thine aspirings bold,—
And with its touch of might bids thy wild pinions fold.

XXVIII.

Who hath not proved the power of poesy,
When from the sepulchres of greatness fled,
He watch'd the clouds of centuries roll by,
And stood and spake with the illustrious dead!—
Oh! who with Shakspeare could regardless tread—
Unmov'd behold the handmaids of his muse
Dispensing beauties, as their garlands shed
Innumerable blossoms of all hues,
Rich with the breath of morn and spring's celestial dews.

XXIX.

And He! who built his temple in the clouds
And made the Heavens his altar—at whose feet
The stars lay dreaming in their misty shrouds,
And angel-echoes sigh'd in music sweet
From many a solemn shrine and high retreat!
He, Bard of Paradise, whose inward sight
Surpass'd all outward vision—so replete,
That blindness follow'd that unbounded light,
As clouds grow doubly dark where broods the lightning's
might.

XXX.

There was a genius in that mighty man,
A portion of the present and the past,
And of the future, more than thought may scan;
An immortality which shall outlast
The monuments all ages have amass'd,
Till Fame weeps o'er the skeleton of Time,
And Earth lies like a shadow fading fast;—
Then lovelier far, than in its earliest prime,
That genius from its wings shall scatter rays sublime.

XXXI.

Is the sound fled that whisper'd of the grave?—
Pass'd are the tears from Memory's mournful cheek?—
Furl'd lie the funeral banners of the brave?—
Are the hills silent—doth the ocean speak
No more of him, whose passion was to seek
Communion with their nature—and to feel
An interest in the lonely sea-bird's shriek;
A language in the elemental peal
That struck the zenith dark—made earth's foundations reel?

XXXII.

Yes; there is sadness on the brow of earth—
Still must we mourn that Bard's untimely doom,
Whose mind, like a volcano, scatter'd forth
Its lava depths of mystery and gloom;
Whose passions—terrible as the Simoom,
Fed upon ruin—and 'mid darkness sought
Stern spectres, demons from unholy tomb—
He from all breasts the fiercer feelings caught
And threw a shade of guilt o'er every scene he wrought.

XXXIII.

Magnificent in daring soar'd that mind—
Proud in dominion—its majestic tone
Still vibrates through the spirit of mankind:
He reign'd o'er human hearts as on a throne,
Making their inmost secrets all his own—
Bared every movement to his earnest eyes—
Reveal'd all agencies that power hath known!—
And lives not Byron still?—'t is dust that dies!
His genius walks the world, and time and death defies!

XXXIV.

Forget them not! oh, still forget them not!
The bards whose spirit hath inspired their page;
Be not the memory of the dead forgot,
Whose genius is a nation's heritage!
Alas for life! what bosom might presage
The shadow of the grave was with each name?
Some, gray and lonely at the door of age!
Some in the golden morning of their fame—
Yet on the path of death all stricken down the same!

XXXV.

The voice of Spring is breathing! where art thou,
Daughter of Genius, whose exalted mind
From Nature's noblest and sublimest brow
Snatch'd inspiration? thou, whose art combined
Passions most pure, affections most refined;
Whose muse with silver clarion wakes the land,
Thrilling the finer feelings of mankind!—
Thine is the song to *arm* a patriot hand,—
Or start a thousand spears midst Freedom's mountain band!

XXXVI.

Thine is the song to fill the mother's heart,
Whose children bless thee—Hemans—round her knee:—
Thine is the gifted page that can impart
A beauty born of immortality!
The temple—shrine—and trophied urn—to thee
Were themes enduring! where'er Grief had trod,
Or Hope fled tired from human misery,
Thou stood'st with song uplifted to thy God,
Thou sooth'dst the mourner's tears e'en by the burial sod.

XXXVII.

The beauteous spirit of the minstrel dead
Comes with the harmonies and hues of morn;
Sits with my sorrowing heart when day hath fled,
And folds her glorious wings—Elysian born!
A broken rose and violet dim adorn
With their expressive grace her silent lyre:
But, oh! the wreath by that immortal worn!
The inspiration and the seraph fire,
Which light those pleading eyes that unto heaven aspire!

XXXVIII.

Still mourns Erinna—ever by that coast,
Whose dismal winds shriek to each weeping cloud,
Whose waves sweep solemn as a funeral host,
Still mourns she Love's own minstrel, in her shroud;
The Sappho of that isle, in genius proud;
The Improvisatrice of our land;
The daughter of our soil—our fame endowed;
For *her* Erinna seeks the fatal strand,
And lifts to distant shores her wo-prophetic hand!

XXXIX.

The blighted one! the breast, whose sister-tear
Sprang to each touch of feeling, heaves no more!
Our Landon, silent on her funeral bier,
Far from our heart, sleeps on a foreign shore;
The voice of her—the song-inspired—is o'er;
Oh, she who wept for others found no tone
To soothe the many parting griefs she bore;
None had a tear for that sweet spirit lone—
All sorrows found a balm save that far Minstrel's own!

XL.

Thou, who receivedst her rose-encircled head,
Our Minstrel in the bloom of her young fame,
Give back our lost and loved! Restore our dead!
Return once more her first and dearest name!
We *claim* her ashes—'tis a Nation's claim!
Her—in her wealth of mind—to thee we gave;
Yet—*plead we for the dust of that dear frame:*
Oh, bear our world-lamented o'er the wave!
Let England hold at last—'tis all she asks—*her Grave!*

XLI.

The feelings stirr'd to utterance by death,
Refin'd by memory—may freely burn;
There is a vital freshness in the breath
That consecrates the laurel round the urn!—
And fondly would my admiration turn
To *living* heirs of Song's immortal crown,
But, ah! where beats the heart that 's yet to learn
Their mighty names, whose memories shall float down
The tide of unborn years, in honour and renown?

XLII.

Yielding the meanest stream that idly strays
By sedgy bank, or mountain copse along,
A charm to fix the pilgrim's lonely gaze,
As though each passing ripple were a tongue:
Vesting the woods and flowers and all in song!—
Leaving great Nature's self their monument
And record of their being! while the throng
Of human lives like aimless waves are spent;
And pride's forgotten tombs lie mould'ring, void and rent.

XLIII.

Thou art, oh Poesy!—the heart that speaks,
And will speak on for ever—whilst one chord
Holds true to feeling,—and ere that charm breaks,
The rose shall perish, ne'er to be restored,—
The lark soar hence in silence—the fond word
Of love and early friendship be unknown—
All harmonies of beauty be unheard—
All holy inspirations lose their tone—
And man forsake his home to fade and fall alone!

XLIV.

Say, have ye watched the early hue of Morn
Slow rising o'er the darkness of the hour,
'Till ray by ray the God of Light was born,
And outshone hill and forest—vale and tower?—
Such is the dawn of Reason—such its power—
Filling the mind with loveliness and light;
Unfolding thought by thought, like flower by flower,
'Till soaring to its full meridian height
It pours upon the soul the splendour of its might.

XLV.

Have ye beheld the glory of that day
Dethron'd by sudden tempest—'till the skies
Seem one vast sepulchre of black decay,
Where, in her funeral shroud dead nature lies?—
So lowers the sphere of mind when Reason flies:
Without one spark to light that dreadful gloom
Where Judgment wanders, blind;—where Memory dies;
Where Truth is lost;—where Hope no more may bloom;
And all the powers of thought lie dead, as in a tomb!—

XLVI.

And whence this awful ruin of the brain—
This wreck of mental elements—this fall
Of man's majestic faculties—this chain
Which links him to the grave?—Alas! of all
The myriad ills which may the mind enthral,
Vice stands the first and last!—the fiend whose wings
Scatter destruction like a deathly pall;
That o'er each orb of faith her shadow flings
And poisons with her lips God's noblest, holiest springs.

XLVII.

I do remember one whose early days[2]
Were radiant with the light that genius sends;
He was the favoured of his country's gaze—
The loved of all—the idol of his friends—
For there 's a charm in intellect which lends
An added glory to the gift of birth;
And royalty, 'mid all its grandeur, bends
Before that spring-tide of the soul on earth—
And yields to Mind its due,—its high acknowledged worth!

XLVIII.

He loved:—Love is the poetry of youth—
Its music and its worship—'tis the star
That seeks the altar of eternal truth—
The hope of days whose dawn is yet afar!—
Oh youth and love, how eloquent ye are—
How glorious the affections ye create:
The maid, the wife, the mother—who would mar
The sweets which blossom on the brink of fate—
And leave life's Eden dark—despoiled and desolate!

XLIX.

And *she* he loved was fair, a very Grace,
A form half radiant with divinity;
'Twas beautiful to gaze upon her face;
So gently gay—so innocently free!
Well might she win his heart's idolatry,
For virtue and affection were her dower;
And joy sang round her by love's own decree;
Oh, not alone in beauty lived her power—
No: charms less fleeting far enwreathed that peerless flower.

L.

Oft would they wander where the moonlit dell,
A dreamy picture of contentment lay,—
And silence, like an angel's blessing, fell
O'er rock and mountain, shore and quiet bay;
And far-off ships upon their homeward way:
Filling their fancies with a thousand sights
Of future happiness; one bright, glad day,
One long reciprocation of delights—
One cloudless smile of home to consecrate their nights.

LI.

For, oh! the bliss to love and to believe
Ourselves beloved!—to linger o'er each dream
Of happiness, we cannot choose but weave,—
To breathe but only in the beauteous beam
Of Love's own dear, delicious eyes!—to deem
One form the paragon of earth!—Oh, fair
As moonlight upon lilies of the stream!—
Those water jewels—delicate and rare—
Those chaste and fitting wreaths for Beauty's raven hair.

LII.

Months pass'd—and found them a connubial pair:
An ancient mansion peeping through the trees,
White as the silver blossoms shining there;
Young roses that enrich the loitering breeze
With perfum'd gifts—with summer memories—
Laburnums sparkling 'neath the graceful dome,
Like golden treasures under azure seas,
And singing streams, that blithe as minstrels roam,
Reveal their favourite spot, their own sweet summer home.

LIII.

One little cherub blessed their happy eyes,—
A lovely flower among the flowers at play;
With eyes that imaged the cerulean dyes
Of the germander—ringlets like the ray
Of sunset on the pale hills far away;
Hands, white as snowdrops midst the bloomy wild,
And mouth where kisses laughed like buds of May;
The very traveller blessed the babe, and smiled;
He was so fair a hope, so beautiful a child.

LIV.

And from this paradise, young Love had charm'd
With all the gifts his presence may impart,
This home, with every rare attraction formed—
Grace without pride—and beauty without art!—
What spell could lure the father to depart?—
Seek not to trace how, shade by shade, the gloom
Of dissipation darkens o'er his heart;—
The revel and the wine his hours consume,
And for the gambler's joy he quits domestic bloom.

LV.

It is the morn;—the judgment waits in wrath.—
Some sudden aberration of the brain
Strikes the lost parent on his homeward path;
Horrors beset his track, a ghastly train,
And demon shadows haunt the vernal plain
Where sports his child;—still burn his frenzied eyes;
Rages insanity in every vein!—
One blow!—'tis o'er;—his child,—the loved one—dies!
And on his guilty head glare down the threatening skies!

LVI.

From his delirium, as from some brief dream
Of direful influence, woke the wretched sire :—
The hapless mother heard her infant's scream—
Rush'd forth to save—and saw her child expire !—
She clasped him to her heart—her brain was fire :—
She looked upon the father as he stood,
While for an instant, Reason—as in ire—
Showed to his trembling soul that deed of blood,
Then fled—and never more its banished light renewed.

LVII.

The universal face of things grew blank—
Identity was lost—and vision made
A sphere of shapeless fancies ;—memory sank
For ever into chaos ;—and that shade
In which the mind's proportions shrink and fade,
Gather'd around him ;—the proud shrines whereon
The treasures of a poet's heart were laid
Fell into dust and ashes, one by one,—
Till of the mind's pure flame the last faint glimpse was gone!

LVIII.

Unheeded, to the *mother*, came all change;
May's genial heat, December's blasts severe;
O'er lonely mountains 'twas her wont to range
Without a path to guide her wanderings drear;
And oft, half kneeling, in the moonlight clear
Upon the bleak snow would she trace a cot;
A few wild flowers, and one sweet infant dear,
And many a trait of beauty unforgot;—
Then upwards would she start, and shrieking flee the spot!

END OF FIRST PART.

THE MIND.

PART SECOND.

ANALYSIS.—PART II.

The subject continued. The source of the sublimity and beauty of external nature,—the simple perception of any object insufficient to excite high emotions, unless accompanied with the operations of the Mind—without the gift of Mind, it were impossible that we should have had any conception of grandeur, sublimity, delicacy, or beauty.

The Poetry of Sculpture. Its antiquity and spendour—Angelo—The tomb of Julius II.—the Apollo Belvidere—the creation of Canova.—Music. Its influence upon the Mind.

Episode. Instance of heroic fortitude in Woman.

The Science of the Stars.—Newton—the sublimity and intellectual splendour of his theory.—Declare his name, ye stars, who set His everlasting covenant in the sky.—"O ye Heavens, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever."

I.

The fine associations of the Mind,
With their own loveliness, invest each hue
And form of nature!—Unless thus combined
With feelings holy,—eloquent,—and true,
What were this gorgeous firmament of blue—
These floating mountains of a vapoury sphere—
This commonwealth of flowers,—this vast review
Of worldly splendour, bursting far and near?
Oh! what were Earth itself, unless the Mind were here?

II.

There 's beauty in the soft, warm, summer morn,
When leaves are sparkling with the early dew;
When birds awake, and buds and flowers are born,
And the rich sun appears, half trembling, through
The crimson haze, and dim luxurious blue
Of the far eastern heav'ns:—there 's beauty deep
From mountain-tops to catch the distant view
Of quiet glen—wood path—wild craggy steep—
Or cool sequester'd coast where lonely waters sleep.

III.

There 's beauty in the noontide atmosphere;
When willows bend their graceful bows to meet
The fountain waters—delicately clear;—
When mid-way heaven the wild lark carols sweet:
There 's beauty in the tender traits which fleet
Along the *skiey* shores and isles of gold,—
That seem just formed for holy angels' feet,—
Gleaming with gifts of an immortal mould!
God!—*could* thy name be lost, while men such scenes behold!

IV.

There 's beauty in the still, blue hour of night,
When streams sing softly through the moonlit vale;
When, one by one, shoot forth the stars to light,
Dreamy and cold, and spiritually pale:—
There 's beauty on the ocean, when the gale
Dashes the merry billows to the strand;
When like a phantom flits some wand'ring sail,
White as the moonbeam on the glittering sand,
And distant flute-notes rise, touched by some skilful hand.

V.

There 's beauty on the quiet lake afar,
When wild-birds sleep upon its voiceless breast;—
The lonely mirror of a single star,
Pale shining in the solitary west;
There 's harmony and beauty in that rest—
So placid—stirless—lonely—and so deep—
We scarcely move, or dare to whisper—lest
A word should break the magic of that sleep,
And start the spirit nymphs who watch around it keep!

VI.

There 's beauty on the mountains—when the snow
Of thousand ages on their forehead lies;
Purple and glittering in the sun-set glow,
The gala light of the Italian skies:—
When gorgeously the clear prismatic dyes
Illumine ice-built arches—crystal walls
That, like the Mirrors of the Spheres, arise;
Or proud magician's visionary halls,
Arrayed for merry masques—for pomps and carnivals.

VII.

There 's beauty in the old monastic pile,
When purple twilight, like a nun, appears
Bending o'er ruin'd arch—and wasted aisle—
Majestic glories of departed years,—
Whilst dark above the victor-ivy rears
Its sacrilegious banner o'er the shrine,
Once holy with a dying martyr's tears;
Yet amidst dust—and darkness—and decline,
A beauty mantles still the edifice divine!

VIII.

But, ah! bereft of Mind—which is the light
That melts the shadows of futurity!—
Nor early morn—nor noon—nor summer night—
Nor the wild billows of the lonely sea—
No—nor the sweet and plaintive melody
Of distant flute-notes on the moonlight shore,
May touch one heart with beauty!—If the free,
And god-like spring of thought could act no more;
Dark were the past to Man, and dark his path before!—

IX.

All beauty is the Mind's!—The dews of earth,
Her loveliest breathings—her serenest skies
Ne'er warm'd such noble feelings into birth,
As from our own imaginations rise;
The bright, illuminated memories
Which are the rays of the soul's world!—the gay,
And fond creations of our youthful eyes:—
Beauties which set not with the setting day;
But hold a life within—a charm against decay!—

X.

Approach the tomb of Julius[3]—and behold
The might of human intellect—view, grace
And saintly majesty in marble mould:—
There stands the Prophet, as before the face
Of his Eternal Master,—there we trace
The source and strength of inspiration—there
Our feelings grow too mighty for the space
That earth may yield them—and far onward bear
The soul to loftier spheres to which that form seems heir.

XI.

Sculpture is Mind enchanted into stone!
A voiceless record—a mute harmony—
Omnipotent in grandeur all its own;
Majestic shrine of a World's memory;—
Whose shadow rises from antiquity
Girt by the genius of proud empires dead!—
All forms heroic, eminent, and free;
Spirits, whose good or evil names have shed
Dishonour or renown upon the earth we tread.

XII.

Can it be marble upon which we gaze?—
That brow is burning with intelligence;
Language alone its melody delays,
As loth to leave a lip whose excellence
Surpasseth mortal beauty!—stir not hence,—
'Twill breathe—'twill move—the spell will be unbound
That chains the magic of its eloquence;
Thy heart be ravished with the gifts of sound,
For, oh! if truth 's on earth—here is Apollo found!—

XIII.

Wonder of Art—Immortal statue—Thou,
Whom the transcendent genius of man
Endow'd with glory!—unto thee we bow,
Thou look'st indeed eternal!—here we can
Compress all loveliness into one span
Of inspiration—'tis the glance, the mould,
The impress of divinity!—began
And finished, ere the glorious thought grew cold
That gave the Sun-God birth,—and bade the world, behold!

XIV.

Canova![4]—at thy well-loved name I leap
The antique splendours of the past—to see
Thine elegant creations—and to weep,
Rejoice, applaud, or venerate: to be
Mirthful or pensive, as the poesy
Of thy harmonious marbles may inspire;—
Thou hast revealed the grace, the mastery
Of virtue kindled with heroic fire,—
Expression all must feel, and all alike admire.

XV.

Warm from his couch of rose—there Cupid springs
Radiant with love,—fair, as a star new born;
Like moonbeams glitter his ethereal wings;—
Ah! who the witchery of those wings may scorn!—
See, Venus rising like the bashful morn
Upon her lover's gaze; with curls half bound—
And brow that nature could no more adorn;
With how divine a step she treads the ground,
Less soft the light dews press the amorous leaves around.

XVI.

Here could I gaze—forgetting that I gaze!—
Rapt in the glory of the Sculptor's themes,
And gathering in my soul their gifted rays
Like a pale dreamer who recks not he dreams!
Oh! could my spirit fix these wandering beams
That float around me,—could it but convey
One half the charm with which its vision teems,
This verse should live unto a later day,
This page enshrine my heart when life had passed away.

XVII.

Where lives the power to touch—to soothe—to charm—
To animate—depress—appal—inspire
The human Mind!—its energies to warm
With all a Hampden's patriotic fire?—
To stir the bosom with unquench'd desire
Of war's triumphant glory and renown?—
Hark!—'tis the sound of clarions and the lyre—
Banners are waving through the festal town—
The Hero comes!—he comes—with his victorious crown!

XVIII.

Feel ye it not?—'tis Music's matchless spell
Thrilling from nerve to nerve—gushing the sight
With tears of feeling indescribable,—
With sensibility's refined delight!—
List!—Hear ye, through the still and lonely night,
The distant hymn of mournful voices roll,
Solemn and low?—It is the burial rite:—
How deep its sadness sinks into the soul,
As slow the passing bell wakes its far, lingering knoll!

XIX.

Yes; Music is the Memory of the heart;
And Memory is the Melody of love!—
How many dear affections round us start,
How many social pleasures do we prove,
When Music—like a Spirit from above—
Hallows the hour until it seems divine!—
When voices in melodious feeling move,
When Poesy and Harmony combine,
To soften and subdue—to gladden and refine!

XX.

Oh, when the Rans des Vaches no more with tears,
The spirit of the exiled Switzer fills;
When the shrill Pibroch the young Clansman hears,
Without one blessing to the "Land of Hills;"
Oh!—when a British heart no longer thrills,
To the bold Anthem of his native shore;
When *Music's* breath no sentiment instils
Of reverence—love—or honour;—nevermore
May *Memory* lift the soul, and bid the heart adore!

XXI.

The intellectual beauty of the soul
Ne'er beams more lovely than from Woman's eye;
Her softness hath a natural control
O'er the dark feelings of humanity:—
And when in Woman's gentle breast we see
Affection, firmness, and devotion dwell,
With that best, noblest spirit—Constancy!—
That *strength*, not ev'n *calamity* may quell;
Our hearts must owe the praise, the tongue may fail to tell!

XXII.

I look upon the Past—into the gray
And silent heart of Time—and I behold
A City in its grandeur, like the day,
Emerging from the East in lines of gold!—
I look again—and what doth Time unfold?—
A shapeless ruin—and a wasted crowd—
The young—the ag'd—the beautiful—the bold;—
All, by some strange o'erwhelming ill, seem bowed,
And pale and wild rush on—and shriek and weep aloud.

XXIII.

All—all save *one*—and she bends by *his* side,
Whose arms were first to clasp her with a love,
Fond as a bridegroom's for his blushing bride—
Strong as a parent's heart alone may prove!
And she is there, beside him, like a dove,
Tending his drooping form with pitying care;—
And oft her tearful eyes she lifts above,—
And offers to her God a quiet prayer—
With looks that heaven-ward seem to meet the Angels there!

XXIV.

I turn once more—'tis midnight—and the sound
Of arms and revelry burst on mine ear!—
Some sudden horror hath profaned the ground—
Slaughter and wreck!—the shivered sword and spear!
Oh, gentle Love!—so young, so true, so dear,—
Could *she* not 'scape the Victor's wrath—for this
Sought she her sire—while thousands fled in fear,
To calm his anguish with a daughter's kiss;
To tend his dying form—and soothe his soul to bliss?

XXV.

Alas! there is no chord of human life,
Whose natural tone breathes not of woe!—there seems
Even in boyhood, when the world is rife
With buds and birds—with flowers and sunny beams—
Along our being's course, where'er it streams,
Some haunting fever of decay—some shade
From whose destructive taint, *no* aid redeems!
Woe, that it reached *thy* generous heart, sweet maid;
Woe! that so white a breast should be so darkly laid!

XXVI.

In that distracting—agonizing hour,
Thou reap'dst the grief, which seem'd for ages sown;
What then sustain'd and gave thy spirit power,
To wrestle with the horrors round thee thrown?—
It was the Mind—the god-like Mind—alone!—
That rock of virtue 'mid a stormy sea;—
That spell which lends to truth its noblest tone—
Shatters the chain and sets the captive free;—
And mitigates the throes even of Mortality.

XXVII.

What penetrates the mystery that lies,
The splendid azure and the spheres beyond—
Explores the depths of the religious skies—
Opens the vault, as with a Prophet's wand!
What comprehends the ever-during bond—
The imperishable law—the chain of might
Which links each secret feeling—fast and fond—
Connects the finite with the Infinite—
Save thou—resplendent Mind—our Spirit's guide and light!

XXVIII.

Thou art the temple of thy God!—the home
Of sacred truth! Religion's vital shrine!—
How far—how wide soe'er *beliefs* may roam,
Still thou'rt the glass that mirrors the divine!—
The hope round which unsetting glories shine;—
The seal of immortality:—the scroll
On which is writ the everlasting line
Of an Almighty love!—Death may control,
Destroy the outward form—but never reach the soul.

XXIX.

'Tis sweet to look upon the stars, and deem
A spiritual influence breathes around;
That we are nearer heaven than we seem
And mission'd seraphs make earth hallowed ground:
That our own nature with yon sphere is bound
In mystic harmony—in link divine—
Celestial correspondence,—that when found
'Twixt soul and star—our coming fate define
And shape our horoscope with Truth's unerring line.

XXX.

Come, view the golden fabric of the spheres!
Read the majestic volume of the sky!—
Mark the grand dial of eternal years
The rounds of ages ever wheeling by!—
The watch of worlds!—the index set on high
To teach the proud how little is their pride:
Let them regard the planets,—and forth try
To sum the time—myriads of ages wide—
Their cycle may be made:—then, number all who've died!

XXXI.

Alas for life!—but we will on with those
Who have an age beyond their being's day,—
Mount with our Newton where Light ever flows;
See him unveil its marvels—and display
The hidden richness of a single ray!—
Unfold its latent hues like blossoms shed,
Or flowers of Air, outshining flowers of May!—
A luminous wreath in rainbow beauty spread,
The noblest Fame could leave round starry Newton's head.

XXXII.

Ascend the spheres to yonder world remote—
Millions of leagues beyond the race of thought,
And from Uranus bid thy fancy note
The Sun—a speck;—this giant globe as nought
In the immense of space—as though unwrought!
Its pomp of thrones and titles—where are they?—
If Power allures thee, here it should be sought,
Here, where the movements of the heavens convey
Truths 'neath whose calm rebuke Man's theories decay.

XXXIII.

The architects of intellectual worlds,—
Mortal imagination ne'er contained
The opening grandeur which yon vault unfurls;
Yet Newton's mind that wondrous frame explained,
Revealed the secret influence which retained
The planets in their orbits:—his bold hand
The gloomy gates of superstition chained,
The boundless firmament triumphant spann'd,
And traversed without chart the Works which God had plann'd!

XXXIV.

Then, in the glorious company of spheres,
Confess *His* glory who conceived their birth;—
Let not the splendour which around appears
Eclipse the splendour whence they drew their worth;
Nor let proud Earth hide Him who *made* the Earth!
Who, in supreme intelligence enthroned,
Called Nature forth from dark and utter dearth.
No!—still 'mongst human errors unatoned—
In God's Creations still be never God disown'd!

END OF SECOND PART.

THE MIND.

PART THIRD.

ANALYSIS.—PART III.

Imagination and Fancy. The Fairy Mythology, its spiritual beauty and gracefulness; delightful associations awakened by the influence of flowers upon Memory and Imagination. The pleasure and improvement derivable from an intimate study of Nature.

Science. In the scientific department the creative genius of man appears to the highest advantage. Picture of a Ship at Sea.—Commerce: viewed as an instrument destined to humanize the whole world; extending instruction and intelligence to the most remote and uncultivated shores; linking mankind in one vast bond of mutual benefit and interest. The victories of Commerce paramount to the Conquests of the Sword.

Tributes to Franklin, Dalton, and Watt.

I.

Earth, Air, Sky, Ocean—are the elements
Through which the images of mind appear:
The robes of beings, Fancy still invents!—
Homes of the Muse that ages yet revere!—
For what is each dominion but the sphere
In which the Mind's august creations shine?—
Come Earth, our mother:—Air, thou sister dear;—
And Sky—thou Prophecy of Worlds divine!
Come Nature to our souls and make us wholly thine!

II.

The streams of thought and fancy never rest
But quick the ocean of the mind supply
Like tribute currents of the sun-loved west;—
Now flowing as from banks where violets lie;—
Or now from mountain summits speeding by
Heave their tumultuous waters o'er the soul;—
Anon, from forest scenes discursive hie,
Radiant with life,—and singing as they roll;—
Now—stained by evil track, all tainted reach their goal!—

III.

The Mind its revolutions hath,—its change,—
Its conquests—its defeats—and its decay!—
Its revolutions,—past all History, strange:—
Its conquests,—Science bid thy worlds display!—
Defeats,—Hope's armies scatter'd in a day,
Ambition's mighty wrecks hurled on Fate's strand;—
Oh, Earth upon thy sons how weighs thy clay!—
The Ruins of the Mind, as of the Land,
Spread dark through ages gone—a sad and spectral band!

IV.

Yet e'en decay and darkness have their world!
Nothing is lost,—nothing forsaken here:
In dull, rank weeds unnumbered hosts lie curled;—
Root, branch, stem, flower—have each their insect sphere;
Even darkness hath its population drear;
Each turf impregnate with existence heaves!—
More countless metamorphoses appear—
More marvels haunt our feet than thought conceives,
While worlds of insect tribes hang quivering on the leaves.

V.

From the bright chamber of the vestal rose
No more the fairies to their revels bound;
The lily's ivory halls no more disclose
Their elfin tribe—nor fays, with goss'mer crowned,
Slow float on silver blossoms to the ground:
No more we hear their viewless minstrels play,
As when in emerald rings they danced around,—
The vision and the grace have left our day,
And England's fairy world passed, with *its youth*, away!

VI.

The bright mythology of vanished days!—
We are too learn'd its credence to allow;
Science hath oped too wide our colder gaze:—
But are we better—wiser—happier—now
That we fair fancy's birth-right disavow?—
No more believe the midnight eyes behold
Shapes, born of air, to which the planets bow?
Nor longer seek the fairy palace old
Which elves chivalrous guard, with straw-like spears of gold.

VII.

Hither, ye fays!—fantastic elves!—that leap
The slender hare-cup,—climb the cowslip bells—
And teaze the wild bee as she lies asleep!
Hither from shrines of bloom, and glow-worm cells,—
From leafy halls—and flowery citadels,—
Hither, bright fairies;—hither to my breast!
Lead me once more where childhood's memory dwells
In its believing beauty—heaven imprest!—
Bring innocence and faith,—be each again my guest!

VIII.

Visions of immortality!—that show
The longing of the mind for something more
Than mortal being!—the deep wish to know
The things of other worlds,—the angel store
Of mystery learnt but on the spirit-shore,
Where mid-way fairies sport on fancy's track!—
Glad elves! our season of romance restore,—
Come, our Aladdin-years we'll wander back,—
See fairy-hunters gay, and their bold insect-pack!

IX.

We have breasts, now, in which affections dead
Have left their "withered rings" around the heart!
And bosoms whence the child of hope hath fled,
Although no fairy in its loss had part!
The cup o'erturned, though by no elfin art!
The rifled chalice, and the broken bowl,
Where memory by the fount whence sorrows start,
Keeps green the old mythology of soul,—
Those fairy realms of youth o'er which Time's death-wheels
roll!—

X.

Have *we* not tasted of the fairy dew?—
Do *we* behold things as they *really* are?
Or, like Titania, gaze with spell-bound view,
And lavish love on what were best afar?—
Proves *that* not oft a stone, we deemed a star?—
Alas, each bosom hath its Oberon too;—
Susceptibility—which seeks to war
With what it loves, and most desires to woo;
Yet urged—unknowing why—to wound, and still pursue!

XI.

Oh, Queen of Fancy what an empire 's thine!—
What classic loveliness pervades thy shore!—
Creations which the bard hath made divine—
Idols and gods—all creeds alike adore—
The mental deities of ages hoar;
Harmonious moulds where deathless pæans sound
Sole consecrate to genius evermore!—
Where every step finds intellectual ground,
Thronged by the kings of mind, that time, and fame have crowned.

XII.

Have not the flowers a language? Speak, young *rose*,
Speak, bashful sister of the footless dell!
Thy blooming loves,—thy sweet regards disclose;
Oh, speak!—for many a legend keep'st thou well;
Old tales of wars—crusading knights who fell,
And bade thee minister their latest sighs!—
Speak, grayhaired *daisy!*—ancient *primrose*, tell!
Ye, vernal harps! ye, sylvan harmonies!—
Speak, poets of the fields!—rapt gazers on the skies!—

XIII.

Mark, how like modesty, with drooping grace,
The *violet* veils her breast; the sister young
Of hope, that lifts to ruder hours her face,
The lonely *snowdrop!* earliest of the throng
To call the truant Spring with leaves and song!—
See, zephyr-nursed, and cradled in the grass,
Slumbers, like innocence,—the *lily* long!—
And there, sweet flattery,—flower few maidens pass
Without one sidelong glance!—'tis *Venus' looking-glass!*

XIV.

Lo, type of pride, the *amaryllis* blooms;
Whilst humbler friendship with the *wall-flower* stays;
There vain *Narcissus*, like self-love, consumes
The hours, enamour'd of his own fond gaze!—
And there the *myrtle*,—love!—with coy delays
Reveals her heart's young perfume! Flower most dear;
Blest be thy modest leaves to endless days!—
Oh, never come the inconstant *primrose* near,
But heart's-ease be thy zone—and *orange wreaths* sincere!

XV.

Seek we the forest's quiet pathways deep,
And nature's flowery page together read:—
How ocean-like the billowy branches sweep!—
This mild, green gloom is just the light we need.
And the young fawns—how silently they feed,—
How still and statue-like,—half life, half dream!
Slow mounts the wood-dove, like a spirit freed!
And now a swan comes sailing up the stream,
And o'er the waters dark floats like the morning beam!—

XVI.

Ye, poetry of woods!—romance of fields!
Nature's imagination bodied bright!
Earth's floral page, that high instruction yields!
For not—oh, not alone to charm our sight,
Gave God your blooming forms—your looks of light:—
Ye speak a language which *we* yet may learn—
A divination of mysterious might!
And glorious thoughts may angel-eyes discern,
Flower-writ in mead and vale,—where'er man's footsteps turn.

XVII.

Linger we yet—unmindful of the length
Of this our theme—the simplest Song may find!—
Simple?—*Simplicity* is Nature's *strength!*—
And Flowers the imprints of the Eternal Mind!—
The wood-born Savage,—though to god-head blind,
Stayed his dark foot to mark the *floweret* bend,
And culled it for his Indian-maid to bind
Within her pluméd tresses!—'twas *Love's* friend
Since Hours commenced their march—and will, till they shall end.

XVIII.

Hearts—cold amidst the beautiful and grand,
When Spring her leaves and dewy garlands throws
And hangs her rainbow-banners o'er the land
In triumph o'er her oft defeated foes!—
Yes, hearts—shut to the fragrance of the rose,
To which the stars are silent from their dome,—
Still throb to bliss—to poetry—with those
Sweet *infant-flowers*—from whom their thoughts ne'er roam.
The cherub kiss—the love—the *poetry of Home!*—

XIX.

What rock so rugged but gives life to some
Lone blossom on its stern and sterile head?—
Is there a breast where feeling's flowers ne'er come?
Where love is mute?—where poetry is dead?—
No:—though thou 'dst smile, gray shepherd, if we said
Thou wert romantic!—yet, lone sire, 'tis true!—
List!—was not that thy beauteous daughter's tread?—
In what sweet fancies—dreams—didst thou not view
The maid the wise should praise—the good be proud to woo!

XX.

Yes, hear it Earth! be witness thou vast sky!
There's not a foot which treads this living sod,—
There's not a brow that heavenward lifts its eye
Of weariest toiler that may homeward plod,
But feels the poetry of Nature's God!—
'Tis in some corner of his soul confest
Though all unconscious of its source he 's trod,
'Tis with his cottage fire,—his evening rest,—
Breathes in his wife's fond voice,—his children's kisses, blest!

XXI.

Disparity?—why, 'tis through Nature found!—
Some *drops* the *nettle* meet—and some the *rose!*—
Some, wedding dust, are trodden with the ground,—
Others sweep on where Ocean grandly flows;
With stream, or river, glide where beauty glows,—
And thus the chain of circumstance obey!—
Not every bud to ripened sweetness blows,—
Not every leaf may reach the topmost spray,—
Yet all harmonious take their own allotted way!—

XXII.

No; in the mystic balance of our fate,
The chance incomprehensible of birth,
One, heir to ancient honours and estate!
Another, to the toils and tears of earth!
One, nursed upon the golden lap of Mirth—
The other an unwelcome care and cost
Left hard to struggle on by dint of worth:—
Still 'midst disparity of fortunes crost
Each human state's alike—if happiness be lost!

XXIII.

One step from rectitude—one single vice—
Though but Extravagance may be its name—
Is selling Happiness at Satan's price,
And buying hours of sin with years of shame;—
Most men their own Improvidence may blame
For nearly all they suffer! By degrees
More and yet more beyond their means they claim,
'Till Ruin counsels desperate remedies,
And never more they know that bliss—*a mind at ease!*

XXIV.

What are unseen—ideal forms—compared
With the quick springs and energies of man!
Feelings, affections, sympathies, unspared,—
The human, breathing, elements we scan
To rocks or hills—how huge so e'er their plan!—
'Midst *men*—not trees, pass thou thy studious hours;
Leave pastoral valleys and their flowery clan;
Towns find the sinews of a poet's power—
And proffer fitter themes than woodland hall or bower.

XXV.

Shall Indolence enchant the poet's lyre,
Yet Industry awake no kindred song?
Spirit of Commerce, hear!—thy son inspire!
Show him thy seas where masts, like forests, throng;
Thy sails each breeze of heaven impels along,
An universal presence o'er the tide!
Tell him where'er mankind hath heard thy tongue,
Intelligence hath march'd with rapid stride,—
And mental freedom sprung rejoicing by thy side!

XXVI.

And thou, whose spirit walks the firmament,
Speeding her track where human sight must fade;
Inspiring Science! to whose arm is lent
A skill no earthly rival ere display'd:
Oh!—who, save thou, bright Science hath essay'd
To measure space, and sound the depths of time;
Snatch unregarded knowledge from the shade:
Direct the winds,—ascend the spheres sublime,—
Or search the mines of thought through every age and clime.

XXVII.

Thou, true Prometheus!—that endow'st the rude[5]
Inanimate materials of the earth,
With motion—order—power!—that hast endued
With a perpetual life, with active worth,
The meaner things that 'neath the soil have birth!—
Opening new worlds for mental enterprize;—
Revealing riches, where before lay dearth!—
Who may discern where thy vast limit lies,
Who count thy works to come, thy future victories?

XXVIII.

The elements most subtle in their range,
Fire,—water,—are thy servants; and the air—
The boundless air obeys thee!—thou canst change
The barren dales of earth, to valleys fair!—
Touch the bleak waste, and leave a garden there!—
From stagnant marshes drain the vernal rill;—
Give to confusion, beauty!—and repair
The scathe of years with grace-directed skill;—
Even from noxious herbs the dews of life distil!—

XXIX.

Thine is that mighty fountain of the Mind[6]
Whose universal waters, like a sea,
Spread forth their blessings to all humankind;—
Source of all knowledge—present, or to be:—
The arbiter of immortality!—
The visible embodyment of thought!—
Was this the *only* boon we owed to thee,—
This, Science, *this* thy just renown had wrought;
Still hadst thou been a name with inspiration fraught.

XXX.

Far as existence glows thy gifts are thrown
Like stars around creation—thou dost raise
Forth from the valley and the desert lone
Kingdoms whose stately beauty is the gaze
And marvel of the world!—a theme of praise
To after ages, and for each, a name
That while the last recording stone decays
Shall light the memory with as proud a flame
As when supreme they stood, the idolized of fame!

XXXI.

Greece, Egypt, Syria—from the antique dome,
To the colossal pile whose fragments rise
Like mountains on the classic plains of Rome;
Whose treasures are the wonders of all eyes;—
The miracles of human faculties!—
Rivers are spann'd,—and mighty oceans shrink
Before thy mightier skill; thy grasp defies
All known impediment, and link by link,
Connects creation's tribes to earth's remotest brink!

XXXII.

A glorious object breasts the stately main!—
A winged wonder of the sunny air!—
With loveliness to make a seraph vain,—
With strength the armament of kings to bear;
To front the tempest in his treacherous lair,
And dash the ruin, smiling, from her wings!—
Oh gaze upon her, looks she not most fair
Of all terrestrial, perishable things,
Save only that which from the eternal Godhead springs?

XXXIII.

Onward to distant climes—romantic lands—
Where'er the glowing waves of ocean roll,
The queenly ship conveys her wide commands
From realm to realm—from pole to utmost pole—
Reckless of danger—vanquishing control—
She seems the agent of a throne divine;
A living creature with a dauntless soul,—
A form in which the finer powers combine,
And, Science, this great gift—this noble work is thine!—

XXXIV.

Throw wide thy gates—oh, Commerce!—teach mankind
The wondrous good which from thy bosom glows!
Bid Industry thy golden kingdoms find;—
Lift thou Mechanic Arts before their foes,
And challenge Pride to speak but what it knows;
Display thy vast establishments of trade;
Thy railways,—wharfs,—canals,—whence fortune flows,—
Match the derided shuttle 'gainst the spade!—
The weaver's humble thread—against the warrior's blade!—

XXXV.

Nor England scorn the Loom! from its abode
Heroes have led thine armies to the plain;
Statesmen, from whose majestic genius flowed
Wit to aspire, and wisdom to attain
The loftiest rank and rule thy sons may gain!—
Scorn not Mechanic Art!—Be it thy pride
Its universal franchise to obtain!—
Ne'er from thy grateful acts its hopes divide,—
For Franklin, Dalton, Watt—have crown'd thee from its side.

XXXVI.

Franklin, whose hand in lines of lightning wrote
A name illustrious on the heavens' blue page!—
And though the flash his daring sight had smote—
He'd welcomed *death*,—to live in after-age![7]
A poet's vision did his soul engage;—
The electric god sublime on tempests rode,
And devastating elements might rage—
From cloud to cloud he with the lightning strode,
And struck the thunder *mute* even in its own abode!—

XXXVII.

Yes, he—whose philosophic genius joyed
To chain the lightning in its own domain—
To face the flash, which kingdoms had destroyed;
And scatter'd wreck and ruin o'er the main!
Whose blaze had lighted Superstition's fane,
And held in bigot awe the trembling sight!—
He—broke that wing of fire,—and did restrain
With *iron-rule* its wild, destructive flight;—
And left a guardian shield amidst the storms of night.

XXXVIII.

In Science as in Literature—the same
Creative spirit elevates the tone!—
Philosopher and Bard must mount to fame
Each by Imagination's power alone;[8]
The first conception Dalton's mind made known
Of the Atomic Theory—was *then*
A vision beautiful as Fancy's own!—
A fine poetic thought—worth Milton's pen!—
Waiting a Mind to grasp, and give its form to Men.

XXXIX.

The laws which regulate the starry height—
These planetary masses, as they sweep
Immeasurable space—'twas Newton's right
The fame of their discovery to reap!—
The Worlds of Atoms in *their* systems keep
Laws as defined as those the stars that guide!—
And Dalton triumphed with a power as deep,
When he the Atomic Theory applied,
As Newton when *his* mind the Laws of Worlds descried.

XL.

Where lies the wealth of nations?—can we rate
The statesman's genius in the highest grade?
Is it the Sword which leaves a Nation great?
How then was Rome o'erthrown?—or Greece betrayed?
No:—by a Watt's—a Newton's—Dalton's—aid
A Nation's truest fame and wealth are found,
The sons of Science have our greatness made!
For they the Sovereignty of Commerce crowned;
And shed its prosperous light on every shore around!—

XLI.

Wintry and pale the gray-eyed Day awoke
And drew the cloudy curtains of his sleep;
Dawn—like a smile—upon the cold town broke,—
The footless pavement—and the silence deep:—
Yet there watch'd One who ceaseless thought did keep
Upon the movement of an iron rod;—
As though fame, power, and fortune, at one leap
Would reach the spot that pale mechanic trod,—
There—where his *Engine* moved like some organic-god!—

XLII.

'Twas Watt—whose eye the breaking day first caught
Flushed with victorious science!—Watt, whose hand
A conquest over time and tide had wrought,
And held the Elements in his command!
Magician of Mechanics—whose Steam-wand
Annihilated space, and gave to Mind
Dominion over matter!—Sea and Land,
Like vassals which his mighty will could bind,
Acknowledging his power as first of humankind!—

XLIII.

Oh! thou mysterious and eternal Mind!—
Haply I sing of thee but as a bird,
Whose lonely notes float feebly on the wind,
Passing away unnoticed or unheard:—
But, oh! had I the energy of word—
The eloquence to utter all I feel—
The gift—the power to grasp Thought like a sword,
And what I know as I could *wish* reveal;—
My song should find a voice deep as the thunder's peal!

XLIV.

Exquisite Spirit!—if thine aspect *here*
Is so magnificent;—if on *earth* thou art
Thus admirable: in thy sainted sphere,
What *newer* glories wilt thou not impart?
What powers—what unknown faculties may dart
Like sunlight through the heaven of thy mould!—
What rich endowments into life may start!—
What hidden splendours mayst thou not unfold,—
Which earthly eyes ne'er view'd—which human tongue
ne'er told.

XLV.

When Time stands mute before Eternity,
And the god-gifted Mind, new filled with light
From living fountains, glorified and free,
Soars in transcendent majesty and might;
An Angel in its first immortal flight!—
Gazing upon the heaven of heavens, to find
The bliss of wings!—the ecstacy of sight!—
A glory amidst glories of its kind!—
A disembodied Soul!—a re-created Mind!—

XLVI.

Then—and then only—may the clouds that hide
The stars of inspiration burst away;
Then may the gates of Knowledge open wide,
And Genius find its own eternal ray:—
Oh! for the coming of that future day!—
The Spirit-light—the Intellectual dower—
The melody of that undying lay—
The bliss—the bloom of that Elysian bower—
When Time shall breathe no more!—when Tombs have lost
their power!

END OF THIRD PART.

THE MIND.

PART FOURTH.

ANALYSIS.—PART IV.

The subject continued. The Mind metaphysically considered. Thought—the divinity of its source: allusion to the sceptical philosophy of Hume. Memory, Perception, and Reflection illustrated. The influence of Christianity upon the destiny of Man. The Power of the Mind when fortified by Religion;—its conquest over difficulties,—its triumph amidst torture and death.

Episode. Knox before the Lords of the Congregation. The sublime impressions of a Sabbath-morn,—the increased refinement, gentleness, and loveliness observable upon the Lord's Day:—Sabbath on the Seas:—Christ walking upon the waters.

Episode. Consolations of the Mind in approaching death;—the insufficiency of all *earthly* Hope. Apostrophe to the Star of Bethlehem. Conclusion.

I.

Whether the Mind be merely substance—earth,
That may again to native earth decline,
Or spirit,—essence of ethereal birth—
That, despite death, above the stars shall shine;
It hath been hitherto no aim of mine
To question, or propound:—to nobler things
I would this long continued theme confine;—
Nor rashly soil the Mind's exalting wings
With that scholastic dust the wrangling sophist flings.

II.

Whether indeed the particles of brain,
By mere vibration of each atom ball,
Engender thought? let casuists explain:—
How thought's produced, and present at what call?
Or if what we term Thought, be thought at all?
I leave for speculation to dispute,
Nor bury Faith 'neath Doubt's sepulchral pall!—
For if the Mind's a tree, and Thought's the fruit,
Oh, still *beyond* the grave I trust to find its root!—

III.

All substance must have limits,—who may trace
The limits of the Mind? what pedant lore
Fix its expansion?—the autumnal tree
Its leaf, flower, fruit, complete;—its end is o'er!—
Its principle of life effects no more!—
But how compute the intellectual height?—
What powers, desires, ideas, may it store?—
Is there an *autumn* for its fruitage bright,
A product it must bear;—then moulder dark in night?—

IV.

No :—measureless as God's own nature is !
Its spirit limitless and unconfined !—
Seek first to span the heaven's sublimities,
Ere fix the attributes and powers of mind
To forms material :—seek to grasp the wind,
And count its undulations :—'twere as vain !—
Oh, deaf to harmony,—to beauty blind,—
That would the destiny of mind constrain ;—
Darken its glowing hopes ; its soaring pinions chain !

V.

Whether the Mind external things perceives,
Or but their mirror'd images arrayed ;—
Or, as some say, the mind the body leaves,
And comes in contact with each shape and shade,
'Twere weak to argue :—if the brain be made
A vacant hall for outward sense to fill,
And our perceptions through the nerves conveyed,
Are vassals prompt and active at our will,
Still there is something more,—we want a *Master* still !

VI.

That which directs the senses—*wills*, and *thinks*;—
The storehouse gives no order for its store,
It but receives:—say, what connects those links?
Combines,—selects,—arranges,—and goes o'er
Things, eyes have never seen?—nor hand yet bore?—
That in-creation is of right divine!
Its essence never science may explore,
Nor compass reach;—nor balance, rule, nor line
Guess at its form or end;—nor origin define!—

VII.

Come, let us measure feelings by the square!—
Pain must be *triangle*—and pleasure *round*;—
Our sentiments are but a change of air;
Emotions are the growth of foreign ground;—
Motion is Thought!—oh, science most profound;
Research most learned!—why not with Hume agree,
And seek the simple with it to astound:
That "objects may exist yet nowhere be"
Say all *is not*—and doubt thine own identity!—

VIII.

Ask what is Mind when from all thoughts, and dreams,
Passions, emotions, pains,—it stands alone?—
First say what is the Sun without its beams?—
What 's sight to those confined till death in stone?
The mind may only by its powers be known:—
If to identify we must bereave
The mind of all by which the mind is shown;
The narrow sophist will his search deceive,
Entangled in the web his brains bewildered weave.

IX.

The thing remembered brings not Memory too!—
Dungeon'd in darkness eyes could know but night,
Yet to the captive should morn rise to view
The scene that blessed him would not *bring him sight:*
Thus Memory is an innate gift of light,
Not an induction; but 'tis fruitless aim
To follow Truth through Doubt's deluding flight;—
To question and distrust, seems Learning's claim:—
And *Doubt*, Philosophy, is thy dark child of shame!—

X.

The morning Wind that lingers o'er the rose,—
Plays with the willow,—or the harp-string finds,—
Wakes perfume,—music,—grace;—but where are those
Would say grace, perfume, music—were the Winds?—
So are there agencies of many kinds
Waking intelligence by thousand ways;—
But fancy, taste, and feeling,—are the Mind's!
The agency is but the wind that plays
Over our spirit's chords; and nature's law obeys!—

XI.

The low, gray stone—within the church-yard gate—
She loves it well, old Malpas, deaf and blind;—
There oft on Sabbath eves she used to wait
To meet *his* glance; and list those whispers kind,
Which won,—ere half her heart seem'd love inclined;—
Now fourscore years, like spirits, haunt that stone;
Blind,—yet she sees!—can there be eyes in Mind?—
Deaf,—yet she hears of lips beloved the tone
The spirit-language sweet of children once her own!

XII.

Each name above the burial sod appears;
And pitying voices round poor Malpas rise:—
But not a sound of human tongue she hears;—
Not one graved letter meets those night-shut eyes;—
Yet still she hears—the voices of the skies!—
Still views bright forms, green lanes, and summer leaves;
If hearing to the Deaf—the Mind supplies;—
If sight unto the Blind—the Mind conceives;—
What but a present God the miracle achieves!—

XIII.

Perception and Reflection,—godlike gifts,—
Like Memory, are ingenerate in soul;—
The first the mind to Nature's knowledge lifts;
The second regulates and tests the whole:—
That power which keeps all others in control;—
And these—whate'er the rest—are not of earth;—
But God their source! and Paradise their goal,—
Since Revelation taught angelic worth;—
And Christ, the Saviour, gave to Man a second birth.

XIV.

Oh, cross of Christ, first reared 'mid scoff and scorn,
Cherish'd in secret 'gainst a bad world's hate;
Now, on the neck of maiden beauty worn—
Blazing 'mid arms and banners of the state—
The flags of navies—crowned and consecrate!—
Erst, type of persecution, shame, and blood:—
Now the bowed knees of nations on thee wait;
And kings adore where burning martyrs stood,
Like Faith amidst the flames—unchanged and unsubdued.

XV.

Oh, blest of Heaven, Religion, God-born guide!—
Not thine the torture and the bigot chain,—
Not thine the unsparing creed,—the zealot pride,
That would through persecution Christ attain!—
Thou hast no heavenly joy in human pain!—
But ever com'st by love and mercy led;—
Yet wert thou *parent* called by many a Cain
Who from the altar struck his brother dead,
And prayed with gore-stained hands—as if 't were incense shed!—

XVI.

Come to our souls and make us all thine own;
Come with thy brow of Truth,—thy lip of grace,—
Thy peace—which is the light of Jesus' throne:—
Thy hope—which beameth like an angel's face:—
Oh, come, Religion, all the world embrace!—
For all are brothers, and God's home would seek;—
Back to thy breast our erring footsteps trace,
Teach us with Christian charity to speak;
Nor crouch to high estate;—nor trample on the weak.

XVII.

Swords in the crowded chancel,—armèd feet
Trampling the solemn aisle;—whom serve they here?—
Terror is in the wild and anxious street,
Where gleams the holy church with axe and spear!
Where Crichton, Napier, Rutherford, appear
To list the voice which menaced death defies;—
The intrepid Knox! who sees not,—owns not *fear*,
But to the Gospel lifts his heaven-ward eyes,
Content to yield his life if for God's Word he dies!—

XVIII.

Fear? He had known captivity untamed;
Had worn the dungeon's fetters undismayed;
Fear? Though the martyr's death had round him flamed,
Or rack inquisitorial been displayed,
His heart—unconquerable firm—had made
A crown of glory from the thorns of hate!—
Fear?—'Twas not *man* could make his soul afraid.
God was his sword—his shield inviolate,
And fenced by these, his Mind could stand and smile at fate.

XIX.

But not alone that bounded spot of earth,
His sin-denouncing thunders smote each land
Where Rome's idolatries and crimes had birth;—
Her mitres shook 'neath his indignant hand;
Though offered titles, sent at Kings' command,
To win his silence;—still no Judas he
To vend his Saviour for a bribe,—and brand
The immortal conquest of a Gospel free,
For rank ambition craves, and godless bends the knee!—

XX.

Then vain was Hamilton's remorseless threat,
That dared he mount the pulpit—even there
Should he by sword and arquebus be met;
Shot like a wolf within his safest lair!—
And spake the preacher—"For His sake I dare
Not only thine—but all Sin's champions armed!—
Thou of a creed that knows not how to spare,
Shalt learn how Truth can face thee unalarmed;
And prove from bolt and brand this book of life is charmed."

XXI.

And forth the lightning of his spirit flew,
Striking the superstitions of his day;
The relics, images, and saints o'erthrew;—
Rending the veil which hid corruption's way!—
And from that hour the pomp and the array
Of mitred mammon lost their regal pride:—
The cross of Christ again assumed its sway:
God's book to all the world was opened wide,
And Nations blest His name who for redemption died!—

XXII.

Light of the Sabbath—soul awakening Morn,
Thou mirror of the mystery above!—
Oh! sainted day, on prophet pinions borne,
How waits the heart thy solemn rest to prove;—
How longs the soul with Deity to move
And drink thy deathless waters!—and to feel
Thy beauty, and thy wisdom, and thy love,
Sublimely o'er the soaring spirit steal,
Till ope the heavenly gates Jehovah to reveal!—

XXIII.

Whilst, mounting and expanding, the Mind's wings
Thus, like a seraph's, reach eternal day;—
Futurity its starry mantle flings
And shrinks the Past an atom in its ray!—
So mighty—so magnificent—the way
Which leads to God!—so endless,—so sublime,—
The skies grow dark, *their* grandeur falls away
Before the wordless glory of that clime
Which feeds with light the suns and thousand worlds of Time.

XXIV.

Light of the Sabbath—soul awakening Morn;—
Take me, Religion, on thy holy quest;
Lead me 'mid desert hills, the wild and lorn,
To mark the lowly shepherd hail his guest
And bless that Day, which ever leaves him blest!—
Makes his rude cot an altar to God's praise!—
Where 'neath a mother's pious bosom prest,
His child, with lifted hands, and upward gaze,
Pleads for its parents' weal, and happy length of days!—

XXV.

Sun of the Sabbath—lead me to the vale
Whose verdant arms enfold yon village fair;—
Afar from towns where passions stern prevail,—
Afar from Commerce and her sons of care—
Guide me where maidens young for Church prepare
In cottage grace—and garments Sunday-white!—
With reverend step, and mild submissive air,
Oft let me hear their tuneful lips unite,
To hail with humble hearts the Sabbath's sacred light.

XXVI.

Oh, sight the loveliest human eyes e'er found!
To view two sisters o'er the same page bend,
Their lovely arms each other's waist around—
Their soft, bright hair in careless ringlets blend—
Their mingling breath like incense sweet ascend
Over God's Book,—His angel-book of Truth!—
Their hearts, minds, feelings, all emotions lend
A vision of that paradise of youth
Ere Adah's beauteous form droop'd 'neath the serpent's tooth!

XXVII.

Hail Sabbath hour!—Hail comforter and guide!—
Hour when the wanderer home a blessing sends;
Hour when the seaman o'er the surges wide
To every kindred roof his heart extends!—
Hour when to *all that mourn* thy peace descends:
When e'en the captive's griefs less sternly lower:—
Hour when the Cross of Christ all life defends;—
Hour of Salvation! God's redeeming hour!—
Eternity is thine!—and Heaven-exalting power!—

XXVIII.

Prayer on the waters,—o'er the wintry sea
Where, like a spire, the lonely mast appears
Lifting the seaman's thoughts to Deity!—
Prayer on the waters! Prayer to Him who hears
All human wrongs,—all human sorrow cheers;—
Prayer the best anchor of a soul deprest;—
Though sunk in doubt the shipwreck'd spirit fears
The grave to come, with horrors unconfest;—
Yet shall that anchor save clasped to a drowning breast.

XXIX.

Morn, noon, or eve—oh, Sea!—solemn or wild,
I list the myriad echoes of thy tongue—
Thy first low matin to the morning mild,
Thy chorus to the sun-god, deep and strong,
Thy lonely vesper to the starry throng:—
The poetry of waters!—blending free
All harmonies of beauty, grace, and song!—
Awakening thoughts of melodies to be
Beyond thy sounding shore, thou reverential sea!—

XXX.

Thy breathings are the eloquence of sound;
Wordless, yet touching more than words, that wake
The finest, noblest influences around;—
Whether fierce storm thy mountain billows shake,
Or, calm and cloudless as a summer lake,
Thy waters ripple to the distant shore,
Still never should my heart thy ways forsake;
But love thee in each mood yet more and more;
Thou oracle of Time, whose mysteries all adore!—

XXXI.

All in their turn have sacrificed to thee!—
Jew, Greek, Venetian, savage or untaught;—
From heathen hordes to Christian chivalry,
What battles on thy confines have been fought!—
How many generations passed to nought
Since found the Ark a desolated land!—
How many glories lost since first God brought
Thy waters in the hollow of his hand,
And bade them know their place, and mark his high command.

XXXII.

Thou art the link and union of all time!—
For men have gazed on thee, and felt and heard
The music of thy tones in every clime;—
Thou art the same wild sea which at the *word*
Of the Redeemer, trembling like a bird,
Folded thy stormy pinions, and grew still!
Thou art the same which erst the world interred!—
Full well thou know'st, through His mysterious will,
To conquer without arms, and without wounds to kill!—

XXXIII.

Long hast thou borne the sorrows of mankind
Upon thy broad and agitated breast;
Since hearts first cast their hopes upon the wind;
Since Home's sweet hearth lost many a lovely guest
To seek that solace for a mind deprest
Their native clime denied them!—*One* I knew
Whose grace—oh, poet's feeling ne'er exprest;—
Whose semblance painter's pencil never drew;—
Droop! fall!—as from the rose fades soft the vermeil dew.

XXXIV.

Dying in tints of beauty—leaf by leaf!
'Twas whisper'd Love first called the canker there:—
But if she grieved, none ever saw her grief;—
The thought were torture—should a breath declare
That unkind Love had left her cheek less fair!—
And thus she fed on *Hope*, who said away
From scenes too dear; that 'neath a foreign air
No more the worm within her breast should prey;—
No more her spirit faint—her little strength decay!

XXXV.

Love? I will tell thee what it is to love!
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,
Where Hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove;
Where Time seems *young*—and Life a thing divine.
All tastes—all pleasures—all desires combine
To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss.
Above—the stars in shroudless beauty shine,—
Around—the streams their flowery margins kiss,—
And *if* there's heaven on earth, that heaven is surely this.

XXXVI.

Yes, this is love,—the stedfast and the true:—
The immortal glory which hath never set;
The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew:
Of all life's sweets the very sweetest yet!
Oh, who but can recall the eve they met
To breathe in some green walk their first young vow
Whilst summer flowers with moonlight dews were wet,
And winds sighed soft around the mountain's brow,—
And all was *rapture* then, which is but *memory* now.

XXXVII.

Her's was a form to dream of—slight and frail—
As though too delicate for earth— too fair
To meet the worldly conflicts which assail
Nature's unhappy footsteps everywhere!—
There was a languor in her pensive air,
A tone of suffering in her accents weak,
The hectic signet, never known to spare,
Darken'd the beauty of her thoughtful cheek,
And omen'd fate more sad than even tears might speak.

XXXVIII.

The angel-rapt expression of her eye—
The hair descending, like a golden wing,
Adown her shoulders' faded symmetry;—
Her moveless lip—so pined and perishing,—
The shadow of itself;—its rose-like spring
Blanched ere its time:—for morn no balm might wake;
Nor youth, with all its hope, nepenthe bring!—
She looked like one whose heart was born to break;
A face on which to gaze made every feeling ache!

XXXIX.

And, oh! that wreath—the last her sister twined—
Whose heart-shaped leaves, slow falling, seem'd to say
Thus shall the friends forsake thee—left behind,—
Thus pass thy memory from their souls away:
Or, but in transient thought, unlovely, stray,
Like a poor flower that welcomeless appears!—
But, no, she wronged them; where they used to play,
Oh, many yet would speak of her with tears;
And think of all her love, her truth, in those gone years.

XL.

Still, still she drooped, although the heavens shone warm;
And every hour her beauty shed some leaf,—
And every day still slighter waned her form,—
Those mild blue eyes seem'd but the founts of grief;—
Whilst they who might have soothed and brought relief
Were all afar; and seas between rolled high:—
Yet, oh! for but one glance—however brief—
But once to see the faces loved come nigh,
She 'd say—"Thy will be done!"—nor weep so young to die!

XLI.

The peasant, hastening to the vine-ripe fields,
Oft turned with pity towards the stranger maid,
Whose faltering steps approach'd yon mount, which yields
A view from shore to farthest sea displayed;—
And there, till setting day, the maiden stayed;
Watching each sail, if haply she might find
The distant ship which her dear friends conveyed;
And still Hope gave her wings to every wind,
And whispered "See, they come!"—till ached her wearied mind.

XLII.

O human heart! when may thy feelings find
As fond return,—when thine emotions claim
Response as fervent, tenderness as blind,
Or friendship which is something more than name?
Ah me!—the sum of life is still the same.
Affections which should serve our latest years
Grow ashes on the altar of youth's flame;—
And all too soon Experience appears
The history of our hearts to register with tears.

XLIII.

The minstrel Morn called to the woods, and they
Shook their green tresses, and from slumber rose;—
The merry Morn, still singing on her way,
Called bud, and flower, and streamlet from repose:
Who could behold, and dream of earthly woes?—
From dewy bloom to darkened chamber turn—
Mark the dim eyes lift upwards to their close,—
Gaze on the wasted cheek, and inly learn,
Vainly for human hearts the lamp of Hope may burn.

XLIV.

I saw a star upon the vault profound,
A star of Mercy, lending blindness sight!
Twelve names of glory wreath'd it round and round;
Luminous altars, sanctifying night!—
Whilst from the centre—each a cross of light—
Beams, on celestial missions, mounted far!
And all the Hierarchs of Heaven's vast height
From the eternal portals raised the bar,
And hailed Salvation's hope—all hailed the Bethlehem Star.

XLV.

Then from that living firmament there grew
A shape—a shadow infinite—which shed
Perpetual happiness where'er it drew;
Crowns of all thrones and worlds moved o'er its head!—
Whilst 'neath the might tremendous of that tread
The bruiséd Serpent fought in flaming war!
And, as at each rebellious coil it bled,
The glorious companies of saints afar
Sang "Hail Salvation's light! All hail the Bethlehem Star!"

XLVI.

Eastward gleamed forth a thousand gates divine,
From which their flight myriads of Angels took;
Ranging their hosts in glittering line on line;
Till high in heaven the wings of seraphs shook
A blaze intense of grandeur o'er that "Book"—
God's "Book of Life!" Oh, language may but mar
Each grace celestial,—each adoring look,—
As hosts on hosts of angels, shining far,
Sang "Hail Salvation's light! All hail the Bethlehem Star!"

XLVII.

Through ranks of cherubim the steep was won;—
Where, led by Faith, the dizzy verge I sought,
And worlds ten thousand down—beheld the Sun,—
The Sun of Mind!—with beams omniscient fraught!—
Around the Powers and Ministers of Thought
Battled with Demons;—that, around, a war
Of endless passion, sin, and darkness, fought!
Yet *there* a Voice, not hosts of hell might jar,
Still breathed Salvation's hope!—still hailed the Bethlehem Star.

XLVIII.

Beyond the "Book,"—the mystic shrine beyond,—
Beyond the Mercy Seat,—the Seraph-zone,—
Truth, Holiness, and Love,—in triple bond—
Held the Eternal Veil before HIS throne!
A presence everlasting—yet alone!—
Seen in all glories whencesoe'er they are;
Known in all being;—yet unseen!—unknown!—
There, borne on wings as on triumphal car,
One sate August in Might—and hailed the Bethlehem Star.

XLIX.

Then glorified in God appear'd the Seven—
The beautiful, imparadised to sight!
Then burst revealed the mysteries of heaven
The mover, mind, and miracle of light!
That Hand—whose shadow is the throne of night!—
And in the midst the face which never smiled,
For ever sorrowful where all was bright!
Still pleading for the erring feet, beguiled;
Still smileless though in heaven—for Man, the guilt-defiled!

L.

What—weeps the Saviour midst the hosts of God—
And can Eternity blanch out the stain?
May Christ forget the path his foes have trod,
Forgive the thorn and thong—the cross and chain?
Oh Nature, blush for Man!—who can remain
Unmoved whilst Angels tremble in their spheres!
Still grasping gold whilst Death confounds his gain—
Still deaf—though universal Pity hears!—
Tearless! though 'midst God's hosts he draws a Saviour's tears?—

LI.

Without Redemption—Mind were like the night
Which finds no morn!—a sea that seeks no shore!—
If soaring, without Hope to aid its flight;
And to oblivion doomed for evermore!
All its exalted visions quenched and o'er,
Its noblest feelings but as fragrance shed;
No Saviour's hand its perfume to restore;
No Voice to call the slumberer from his bed,—
But everlasting dust and darkness on the Dead!—

LII.

Oh, what were Man's majestic faculties—
His genius as of Deity a spark,—
Though, like the sun of morning o'er the seas,
Mind rose supreme, of gazing worlds the mark;
If born to be cast down to endless dark!—
Thought,—Learning,—Genius,—all that loves to climb,
Predestined for the Grave;—no saving Ark
To bear the fallen from the gulph of time;—
Nor show that *Angel-step* from tombs—*to worlds sublime.*

LIII.

Oh, Mind immortal!—Mind ineffable!—
Infinite Wisdom of the Godhead known;
Soul of all spheres wherever Life may dwell;
Eternal Intellect!—Thought's first, grand throne!—
Thou, who dost stretch thy hand from zone to zone,
And hold'st the fate of empires at thy feet;
We bless thee, God, for boundless mercies shown!
We bless thee that the *Grave* holds promise sweet
That we, through Death's dread night, thy saving Morn shall meet.

LIV.

Salvation!—bid the Earth resume the sound!—
Sing it—ye Forests—lift your boughs in song!
And thou—vast Ocean—to thine utmost bound
Swell the bright tidings of the Cross along!
And you—ye giant mountains—with a tongue
Majestic as the thunder-harp above,
Sound forth Salvation to the World's wide throng!
Again the Ark is saved—BY CHRIST, the DOVE!—
And Mind redeemed through GOD's almighty, endless Love!

END OF FOURTH PART.

NOTES.

(1) P. 25. L. 1.

West, Reynolds, Hogarth, Lawrence, these are names,
My country!—dear, ay, doubly dear to thee;

Benjamin West was born in America; but it is to England, and to English encouragement, that the noblest productions of his genius may be ascribed. In fact I am only following the steps of Allan Cunningham, in placing West among the British Painters.

(2) P. 38. L. 10.

I do remember one whose early days
Were radiant with the light that genius sends.

This melancholy instance of the criminal consequences of dissipation, is no imaginary picture;—not many years ago a similar event occurred in the North of England.

A gentleman of family and fortune, highly esteemed and beloved, gradually fell a victim to the unhappy vice of inebriation; and during a temporary aberration of intellect, committed that crime for which he now languishes within the walls of a Lunatic Asylum.

(3) P. 54. L. 1.

Approach the tomb of Julius—and behold
The might of human intellect—

Not in one point of view only is Angelo's genius to be contemplated. Sculptor of the Moses, painter of the Last Judgment, architect of the Cupola,—we behold him in the greatest of the works of art. The Moses, on the tomb of Julius II., amid the creations of genius, rises a solitary and matchless monument! Without a model in the productions of antiquity, it has remained inimitable and unimitated in modern times.

(4) P. 56. L. 1.

Canova!—at thy well-loved name I leap
The antique splendours of the past.

"The compositions of Canova have enriched modern art with the most glowing conceptions of elegance and grace; raised, and yet more refined, by the expression of some elevating or endearing sentiment. Here, indeed, has been allotted his peculiar and unapproachable walk. In the monumental series of works, Canova displays all the practical excellencies of his genius, with more perhaps of originality and simplicity than generally characterize his other labours. This class consists of architectural elevations, supporting colossal statues, and of tablets in relievo. Of the former, the tombs of the Popes of Rome, of Alfieri at Florence, and of the Archduchess Maria Christina at Vienna, are magnificent examples."—*Memes.*

(5) P. 84. L. 10.

Thou, true Prometheus! that endow'st the rude
Inanimate materials of the earth
With motion—order—power!—

"Science has increased the sum of human happiness, not only by calling new pleasures into existence, but by so cheapening former enjoyments as

to render them attainable by those who before never could have hoped to share them. Nor are its effects confined to England alone; they extend over the whole civilized world; and the savage tribes of America, Asia, and Africa, must ere long feel the benefits, remote or immediate, of this all-powerful agent." *Lardner.*

(6) P. 85. L. 10.

Thine is that mighty fountain of the Mind.

"The early appearance and the universality of traditional learning seems to establish the opinion, that the love of knowledge is among the first and most irresistible desires of the human heart. That many of the noblest efforts of ancient genius, though committed to writing on a substance so frail as papyrus, and so subject to erasure as the waxen tablet, should have reached the present age, is an event only to be accounted for by supposing, that their conspicuous beauties occasioned uncommon vigilance and solicitude in their preservation. To the Art of Printing may be attributed that change in the manners, sentiments and information of the people, which has taken place within the interim of a century or two, and which cannot escape the most superficial observer." *Knox.*

(7) P. 89. L. 4.

And though the flash his daring sight had smote—
He'd welcome death,—to live in after-age!

"Franklin perceived an analogy between the effects of thunder and electricity, which struck him greatly. He conceived the idea of an apparatus, by means of which, he proposed to interrogate the heavens; he makes the experiment, and the answer fully confirms his conjectures. Thus the cause of lightning is now known: its effects, so ruinous, so irregular in appearance, are not only explained, but imitated.

"We at length know why the lightning silently and peaceably follows certain bodies, and disperses others with a loud noise; why it melts metals,

sometimes shivers to atoms and sometimes seems to respect those substances which surround it.

"But it was but little to imitate the thunder, Dr. Franklin conceived the audacious idea of averting its vengeance. He imagined that a bar of iron pointed at the end, and connected with the ground, or rather with the water, would establish a communication between the clouds and the earth; and thus guarantee or protect the objects in the immediate neighbourhood of such a conductor—the success of this idea was fully commensurate to all his wishes." *Condorcet.*

(8) P. 90. L. 4.

Philosopher and Bard must mount to fame
Each by Imagination's power alone;

"The gift of a lively fancy is an important requisite to every physical observer. This faculty has accordingly been conspicuous among all the great discoverers. The imagination of the Philosopher differs from that of the Poet, only because it calls forth less vivid images; but it is equally creative, and equally alert in seizing the flitting scenes of Nature."

Sir John Leslie, Prof. of Nat. Phil.

CONCLUSION.

Humbly—sweet Spirit of harmonious Song!—
Soul universal!—Angel born of thought,—
Truth—feeling—love!—whose rapture-breathing tongue
High inspiration from the godhead caught!—
Humbly thy chosen temple have I sought,
Low at thy feet mine offering to resign:—
And if—as hoped—'tis with right feeling fraught,
With import dear to thee—thou, Muse divine,—
And no degenerate son pays homage at thy shrine,—

Then grant me audience with the good and wise:
And let this seed of Verse, if deem'd of worth,
Bloom forth to other days—and other eyes—
A flower to grace my grave;—when mute in earth!
Let me not leave an unrecorded birth:—
But should this theme of MIND prove worthy thee,
If its immortal visions shadow forth
A power—a presence of divinity—
Then yield me yet a name, that Time may love to see.

"Juvatque novos decerpere flores:
Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velârunt tempora musæ."

Lucretius.

"——— Omnes enim res
Virtus, fama, decus, divina humanaque pulcher
Divitiis parent."

Horace.

"His mind was a thanksgiving to the power that made him."

Wordsworth.

MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS.

DRYBURGH ABBEY.

And Scott—that Ocean 'mid the stream of men!
That Alp, amidst all mental greatness reared!—

'Twas morn—but not the ray which falls the summer boughs among,
When beauty walks in gladness forth, with all her light and song;
'Twas morn—but mist and cloud hung deep upon the lonely vale,
And shadows, like the wings of death, were out upon the gale.

For He whose spirit woke the dust of nations into life—
That o'er the waste and barren earth spread flowers and fruitage rife—
Whose genius, like the sun, illumed the mighty realms of mind—
Had fled for ever from the fame, love, friendship of mankind!

To wear a wreath in glory wrought his spirit swept afar,
Beyond the soaring wing of thought, the light of moon or star;
To drink immortal waters, free from every taint of earth—
To breathe before the shrine of life, the source whence worlds had birth!

There was wailing on the early breeze, and darkness in the sky,
When, with sable plume, and cloak, and pall, a funeral train swept by;
Methought—St. Mary shield us well!—that other forms moved there,
Than those of mortal brotherhood, the noble, young, and fair!

Was it a dream?—how oft, in sleep, we ask, "Can this be true?"
Whilst warm Imagination paints her marvels to our view;—
Earth's glory seems a tarnish'd crown to that which we behold,
When dreams enchant our sight with things whose meanest garb is gold!

Was it a dream?—methought the "dauntless Harold" passed me by—
The proud "Fitz-James," with martial step, and dark intrepid eye;
That "Marmion's" haughty crest was there, a mourner for his sake;
And she,—the bold, the beautiful!—sweet "Lady of the Lake."

The "Minstrel" whose *last lay* was o'er, whose broken harp lay low,
And with him glorious "Waverley," with glance and step of wo;
And "Stuart's" voice rose there, as when, 'mid fate's disastrous war,
He led the wild, ambitious, proud, and brave "Vich Ian Vohr."

Next, marvelling at his sable suit, the "Dominie" stalk'd past,
With "Bertram," "Julia" by his side, whose tears were flowing fast;
"Guy Mannering," too, moved there, o'erpowered by that afflicting sight;
And "Merrilies," as when she wept on Ellangowan's height.

Solemn and grave, "Monkbarns" appeared, amidst that burial line;
And "Ochiltree" leant o'er his staff, and mourn'd for "Auld lang syne!"
Slow march'd the gallant "Mc. Intyre," whilst "Lovel" mused alone;
For *once*, "Miss Wardour's" image left that bosom's faithful throne.

With coronach, and arms reversed, forth came "Mac Gregor's" clan—
Red "Dougal's" cry peal'd shrill and wild—"Rob Roy's" bold brow look'd wan:
The fair "Diana" kissed her cross, and bless'd its sainted ray;
And "Wae is me!" the "Baillie" sighed, "that I should see this day!"

Next rode, in melancholy guise, with sombre vest and scarf,
Sir Edward, Laird of Ellieslaw, the far-renowned "Black Dwarf;"
Upon his left, in bonnet blue, and white locks flowing free—
The pious sculptor of the grave—stood "Old Mortality!"

"Balfour of Burley," "Claverhouse," the "Lord of Evandale,"
And stately "Lady Margaret," whose wo might nought avail!
Fierce "Bothwell" on his charger black, as from the conflict won;
And pale "Habakkuk Mucklewrath," who cried "God's will be done!"

And like a rose, a young white rose, that blooms mid wildest scenes,
Passed she,—the modest, eloquent, and virtuous "Jeanie Deans;"
And "Dumbeidikes," that silent laird, with love too *deep* to *smile*,
And "Effie," with her noble friend, the good "Duke of Argyle."

With lofty brow, and bearing high, dark "Ravenswood" advanced,
Who on the false "Lord Keeper's" mien with eye indignant glanced:—
Whilst graceful as a lonely fawn, 'neath covert close and sure,
Approached the beauty of all hearts—the "Bride of Lammermoor!"

Then "Annot Lyle," the fairy queen of light and song, stepped near,
The "Knight of Ardenvhor," and *he*, the gifted Hieland Seer;
"Dalgetty," "Duncan," "Lord Monteith," and "Ranald," met my view;
The hapless "Children of the Mist," and bold "Mhich-Connel Dhu!"

On swept "Bois-Guilbert"—"Front de Bœuf"—"De Bracy's" plume of wo;
And "Cœur de Lion's" crest shone near the valiant "Ivanhoe;"
While soft as glides a summer cloud "Rowena" closer drew,
With beautiful "Rebecca" peerless daughter of the Jew!

Still onward like the gathering night advanced that funeral
train—
Like billows when the tempest sweeps across the shadowy
main;
Where'er the eager gaze might reach, in noble ranks were
seen
Dark plume, and glittering mail and crest, and woman's
beauteous mien!

A sound thrill'd through that length'ning host! methought
the vault was clos'd,
Where, in his glory and renown, fair Scotia's bard reposed!
A sound thrilled through that length'ning host! and forth
my vision fled!
But, ah!—that mournful dream proved true,—the immortal
Scott was dead!

The vision and the voice are o'er! their influence waned
away
Like music o'er a summer lake at the golden close of day:
The vision and the voice are o'er!—but when will be forgot
The buried Genius of Romance—the imperishable Scott?

THE RIVER.

Thou art the Poet of the Woods, fair River,
A lover of the beautiful!—and still
Wand'rest by wildest scenes, while night-stars quiver,
The only voice that haunts the desert hill:—
Thou art the Poet of the Woods, whose lay
Charms the dim forest on thy sylvan way.

Thou art the Artist of the Vale, bright River,
That paint'st the glowing hues of earth and sky
On thine own pure and placid breast for ever;
Two worlds of beauty on thy waters lie!—
Thou 'rt Nature's boldest Painter—broad and free—
And human genius ne'er surpasseth thee!

Thou art the Minstrel of the Fields, sweet River,
Whose music lingers like an angel's tongue—
A voice that sings the glory of the Giver!
Creation's first, sublimest, birth of song!
Still let my soul thy liquid music hear,
Oh, sweet Musician!—voice for ever dear!

THE SLUMBERERS.

I.

Gaze thou upon this mental dome—
  This mortal palace of the mind—
This spirit-dwelling—this soul's home—
  To dreamy slumber now resigned:
The fringed and ivory doors are closed
  Upon the azure world below;
The ruby hall, where Love reposed,
  Hath lost its soft, its minstrel flow.
To the land of dreams hath fled
Music sweet as incense shed!

II.

Tranquil rest the small white feet;
How unmoved the graceful hand!
Yet, in measured circles fleet
Dance they in the visioned land!
Calmly, as the frozen snow,
O'er her arm of beauty rare,
Droops that pale enchanted brow
'Neath its long and shadowy hair;
Not a smile the lip surrounds,
Yet she laughs where mirth abounds!

III.

Round the damask curtains fall,
Soft the silken pillow bends,
Nothing save the watcher's call
To the ear Time's echo lends;
Yet, beneath the living green
Of the ancient woods and hills,
Where the timid fawns are seen
Trooping by the forest rills;
Thousand flowers around her beaming,
Walks she in the land of dreaming!

IV.

Strange that the *closed* eye should see!—
That the *stirless* feet should dance
To a magic minstrelsy,
Heard but in the sleeper's trance.
Strange the *voiceless* lip should sing!—
That the curtain fold on high,
With the branching leaves of spring,
Should delude the Dreamer's eye!
Mirthful—yet without a smile!
Mute—yet singing all the while.

* * * *

V.

To a darker couch we tread,
Where a maiden lowly lies;
Solemn light the tapers shed,
O'er the cold and shrouded eyes!
On her white, unheaving breast,
As the sculptor's marble fair,
One pale, wasted hand doth rest,
Half upcurved as still in prayer:
To the land of souls have flown
Feelings sweet as angels' own.

VI.

Mark how wan the sombre brow!
  Sadly dark the fallen cheeks;
Yet, she soars a seraph now,
  Where the morn of Heaven breaks.
Silent in her virgin shroud,
  Silent on her funeral bed;
Like a lily crushed and bowed,
  Ere its brief spring-hour had fled:
Silent—yet she sings—she hears
The host of God's seraphic spheres!

VII.

Strange the lifeless eye should know
  Glories hid from living gaze;
Strange that form of saddest wo
  Lifts to God rejoicing praise.
Strange that hand so meekly laid
  On the sunk and wearied breast,
Clasped by Christ—in Faith arrayed—
  Is guided to immortal rest.
Lost—yet with Jehovah found!
Dead—yet with the deathless crowned!

THE MOTHER.

"Oh thou! with whom my heart was wont to share,
From Reason's dawn, each pleasure and each care."

ROGERS.

I.

A SOFTENING thought of other years
A feeling link'd to hours
When Life was all too bright for tears,—
And Hope sang, wreath'd with flowers!
A memory of affections fled—
Of voices—heard no more!—
Stirred in my spirit when I read
That name of fondness o'er!

II.

Oh *Mother!*—in that early word
What loves and joys combine;
What hopes—too oft, alas!—deferr'd;
What vigils—griefs—are thine!—
Yet, never, till the hour we roam—
By worldly thralls opprest,
Learn we to prize that truest home—
A watchful mother's breast!

III.

The thousand prayers at midnight pour'd
Beside our couch of woes;
The wasting weariness endured
To soften *our* repose!—
Whilst never murmur mark'd thy tongue—
Nor toils relaxed thy care:—
How, Mother, is thy heart so strong
To pity and forbear?

IV.

What filial fondness e'er repaid
  Or could repay the past?—
Alas! for gratitude decay'd!
  Regrets—that rarely last!—
'Tis only when the dust is thrown
  Thy lifeless bosom o'er;
We muse upon thy kindness shown—
  And wish we'd loved thee more!

V.

'Tis only when thy lips are cold—
  We mourn with late regret,
'Mid myriad memories of old—
  The days for ever set!
And not an act—nor look—nor thought—
  Against thy meek control,
But with a sad remembrance fraught
  Wakes anguish in the soul!

VI.

On every land—in every clime—
  True to her sacred cause,
Fill'd by that effluence sublime
  From which her strength she draws,
Still is the Mother's heart the same—
  The Mother's lot as tried:—
Then, oh! may Nations guard that name
  With filial power and pride!

THE BETTER WREATH.

I.

What mortal plant that grows
  Should wreathe immortal fame?
The Rose? it darkens ere it blows;
  Its glory 's but a name!—
Its blush, which meets the Morn's young beams,
  Must bear Night's tears ere long;
Find fitter emblem for Fame's dreams,
  The poet's soul and song!

II.

The Laurel? Shall its sombre leaves
Fame's lofty brow entwine,
Which living light from heaven receives,
And mirrors thoughts divine!
No! Cast it o'er some dismal wave,
Where human hopes ne'er breathe;
The glorious songs the poet gave
May ask a nobler wreath.

III.

The Bay? Oh! still its hues proclaim
The same prophetic mark;
All things that speak of after fame,
Are gloomy, stern, and dark!
The lovelier still the briefer lot;
They blossom and depart!
Their dead leaves lingering o'er the spot
Like memories round the heart.

IV.

Away! of human feelings twine
The garland that shall live;
Hopes, thoughts, affections—all divine,
Be these the wreath ye give!
The HEART's the flower that sweetest glows,
And bears the dearest name:
What other mortal thing which grows
Should wreathe immortal fame!

MAID OF SARAGOSSA.

"The two sieges of Saragossa were the most distinguished displays of Spanish intrepidity during the war. The assault on the last day, the 28th, was renewed with still greater fury. It was preceded by a terrible blow. Whether by treachery or accident, the powder-magazine in the centre of the city exploded, tearing away fourteen houses, and burying above two hundred of the people. While the citizens, startled by this sweeping disaster, were crowding to dig their dead and dying friends out of the ruins, the French batteries opened a tremendous discharge, and the columns of assault advanced under it to the gates; in that moment, Agostina, a woman of the humbler classes, sprang into the battery, calling on her countrymen to follow, seized the burning match, and fired off the cannon; then, jumping on it, loudly made a vow to 'Our Lady of the Pillar,' never to quit it till either she was dead, or the enemy were driven away."

I.

THERE were murmurs through the night,
  As of multitudes in prayer;
There were tears of wild affright,
  And the wailing of despair:
For Invasion's gory hand
Scatter'd havock o'er the land.

II.

The startled morn arose
To the trumpet's fierce acclaim,
To the ringing steel of foes,
And the battle-bolts of flame;
Whilst the Gallic wolves of war
Round were howling, and afar.

III.

The matron armed her son,
And pointed to the walls:
"See, the carnage hath begun,
'Tis thy bleeding country calls!
Better, son, the patriot's tomb,
Than a slave's ignoble doom."

IV.

The gray-haired father took
His time-worn brand and shield;
The pale monk closed his book,
The peasant left his field;
And daughters, e'en a scar had grieved,
Now deeds of dauntless heart achieved.

V.

Right onward dash'd the foe,
O'er the red and reeking ground,
'Till the giant gates below
Burst with an earthquake sound;
And the rocking walls yawned deep,
'Neath the cannon's shattering sweep.

VI.

Yet ne'er with tyrant warred
A firmer, bolder band:
Again the gates were barred—
Again the walls were manned;
Again, as with prophetic sight,
The hallowed Cross advanced the fight.

VII.

But heavier woes befel
The still unvanquish'd brave,
'Mid sounds that seem'd the knell
Of freedom's hopeless grave:
A hurricane, a blazing shower,
Swept shiver'd rampart, rock, and tower!

VIII.

In that appalling hour,
When Fate with Gaul combined
To quell the freeman's power,
To crush the valiant mind—
When e'en the last defence had died,
Who braved the storm? who stemm'd the tide?

IX.

No steel-girt knight of fame,
No chief of high emprise;
A maiden's soul enshrined the flame
Which lit Hope's darkening skies;
A maiden's valour dealt the blow,
And stepp'd 'tween conquest and the foe.—

X.

Stood on that fatal brink,
Defying pain and death!
And could Napoleon's legion shrink
Before a woman's breath?
Could Gaul's proud eagle, from its height,
Stoop to a mean, disastrous flight?

XI.

Yes: that fair arm withstood
  The chivalry of France,
And pour'd destruction, like a flood,
  On quailing helm and lance:
Leonidas in maiden's stole,
A woman's breast with Curtius' soul.

XII.

Heroic heart and true!
  Thy deeds shall find a voice
To bid usurping tyrants rue,
  And freedom's sons rejoice:
The loved of Time, the prized of Fame,
Spain's noblest boast, and Gallia's shame!

THE SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER.

I.

Where the golden hand of morn
  Touches light the singing fountain,
There a maiden, lowly born,
  Guides her flock along the mountain;—
Bashful as the fawn, and fleet,
  She invests the world with beauty;
Simple grace, and manners sweet,
  Dignify her humble duty.

II.

Sudden light has wreathed the earth,
  Robed the fields and flowers in gladness;
New delights, too deep for mirth;
  Gentle griefs, too sweet for sadness:
Who this sudden charm hath wrought?—
  Sent this flow of bright revealings?—
Mind, that springs with joyous thought!
  Heart, that glows with heavenly feelings!

III.

Surely, 'tis some angel strayed,
  Not a shepherd's daughter solely,
Who hath earth like heaven arrayed,
  In a light and love so holy!
Oh! when stars, like drops of pearl,
  Glimmer o'er the singing water,
There I 'll woo my mountain girl,
  Proudly wed the Shepherd's Daughter!

PAINTING.

INSCRIBED TO GEORGE BURY, ESQ.

Deep in our spirit-nature rise
  The eternal forms of things—
The dim, reflected mysteries
  Of mind—whose worlds have wings!
The presence of the Beautiful
  Takes inward shape of every kind!
As *Music*—which leaves language dull—
  Is *Painting* to the Blind!

II.

That mental world—whose mystic glance
Shows glories all would win—
Which colours outward circumstance
With beauty from within,—
That *inner* pencilling of thought
Lends genius to each varied page;
And with it, as the soul is fraught,
Are great—bard, painter, sage!

III.

In *words*, far more than they express,
A *secret painting* lies;
As VENUS pictures loveliness
E'en to our reading eyes!
Yet, once should fancy's power be gone,
And more than spirit-form required,
Turn to the Goddess—crowned by one
Whom Genius hath inspired!

IV.

Transfigured in the soul of man,
The image of that time—
Ere God's created earth began
To darken heaven with crime—
Dwells, like a life within a life,
A something known and loved before;
A dream—yet oh, than dream more rife
With things seen nevermore!

* * * * *

V.

When first from heaven the King of light
Call'd beauty into birth,
He *painted* on the waters bright
The images of earth.
The trees in lofty glory drew,
Beside the low and bending flower,
And o'er its living surface threw
Sublimity and power!

VI.

What morn unconscious Love strayed near,
She started all amazed;
Advanced—retired—in bashful fear—
Then, trembling, blushing,—gazed!
She moved—a form, yet nobler graced,
The magic waters swift did yield;
A mirrored hand stole round her waist—
And Painting stood revealed!

VII.

Thus Love, immortal Art first found,
And sought her colours true,
From every bud and blossom round
That slumbered 'neath the dew:
Yet vain she toiled, until she brought
Her untaught pencil to that tide,
And deeper inspiration caught
Along the river side.

VIII.

For frail was Painting's hand, and rude,
Imperfect to her will;
And Nature's awful magnitude
Frowned at her mimic skill.
But softened—mellowed—in the stream
The majesty of Nature moved,
More like the visions of a dream,
When dreams were what she loved!

IX.

Thus Science nursed by Beauty grew,
Its mighty leaves unfurled;
Its fame-ascending branches drew
A grandeur round the world.
And mute must Poetry appear,
Dethroned and crownless stand apart;
And Sculpture seem but Death when near
Love's miracles of Art.

X.

For Time, who never spent an hour
So blest as in Love's clime,
Taught her—to aid the pencil's power—
To snatch a grace from Time!
And faithful to the voice that made
His golden sands in music run,
O'er painting Time ne'er cast a shade
But it some feeling won!

XI.

A universal language spread
Its eloquence afar—
Grand as the living Scripture read
In every burning star:
From shore to shore the marvel ran,
And every holier impulse woke;
And every passion known to man
Unrivalled Painting spoke!

XII.

All feelings—sympathies full fraught
With truth, great Art, were thine!
The illumination of all thought,
Or earthly, or divine!
The fine creations of the sense
Took bodied form and life from thee:
The vision and the influence
Of Present Deity!

XIII.

Behold! the dreadful whirlwinds toss;
The rocks from earth are torn;
See,—Jesus bleeds upon the cross,
And Horror hides the morn!
We turn again,—'tis Raffaelle brings
The *risen* Saviour to our eyes:
Oh, for those archangelic wings
That mount Jehovah's skies!

XIV.

Still may that Lyre whose *chords* are *hues*,
Whose language Nature finds,
Its mighty influence diffuse
To charm and teach all minds!
May Painting, whose delights sublime
Exalt each land where man hath trod,
Still Inspiration, through all time,
Seek from Creation's God!

THE BRITISH BOW.

I.

Hurrah! the Bow, the British bow,
The gallant, fine old English bow!
Never flashed sword upon the foe,
Like arrow from the good yew bow!
What knight a nobler weapon wields?
Thou victor of a thousand fields,—
Are lances, carbines, thy compeers?
No: vouch it, Cressy and Poictiers!
With hearts of oak and bows of yew,
And shafts that like the lightning flew,
Old England wore her proudest crown,
Nor bolt nor brand might strike it down!
Hurrah!

II.

Hurrah! the bow, the British bow,
The merry, true old English bow!
Where fed the stag or sprung the roe,
There bent the ready stout yew bow!
What hoof of speed dared scorn its might?
What plume outsoar its glorious flight?
Oh! joyous was the greenwood then,
And matchless all her own bold men;
Her rovers rude by mount and flood,
Her king of outlaws, Robin Hood!
Right daring, reckless, wild, and free,
Great champion of the brave yew-tree,
Hurrah!

III.

Hurrah! the bow, the British bow,
The stately, firm old English bow!
What souls with freedom's spirit glow,
That love not thee, heroic bow?
When haughty Gaul deem'd all-secure
The victor's wreath at Agincourt,

Thy shafts, triumphant from the string,
Bore fate and vengeance on their wing;
And well the serried ranks might reel,
When, like a hurricane of steel,
They saw ten thousand barbs assail
Their horse and horsemen, helm and mail!
Hurrah!

IV.

Hurrah! the bow, the British bow,
The graceful, light old English bow!
What island of the world may show
Aught like our own unconquer'd bow?
The guardian of our native wild,
When Liberty was yet a child;
Ere yet were launch'd our ships of war,
Our thunderbolts of Trafalgar;
When Nelson was no magic word—
Drake, Hawke, St. Vincent's fame unheard!
Then oh!—whilst freedom's bounties flow,
Thrice honour'd be the bow! the bow!
Old England's bow! Hurrah!

TO THE NIGHT WIND.

I.

Art thou a lover, wandering the green lanes,
And murmuring to thyself some legend old—
Strange tale of Knight, from dungeon-tower and chains,
Led by some spirit from the vaulted mould?
Art thou a lover, through the moon's fond hours,
Fancying thy bride's cheek in the blushing flowers?

II.

Or mourn'st thou now some faithful heart and dear,
That in the church-yard gray thou stay'st so long;
Leaving upon the tall rank grass a tear,
Sighing thy wild and melancholy song?
Art thou a mourner, thou mysterious Wind,
O'er beauty lost—affections left behind?

III.

Or com'st thou from the distant vessel's side,
With blessings laden, to the widow's cot?
Her Sailor-Boy! her buried husband's pride!
Still his lone mother's home forgets he not?
Say; art thou herald of the thousand tongues
That pour on thee their joys, griefs, hopes, and wrongs?

IV.

Yes; sighs are on thee—musical as love;
Hopes which are half immortal in their flight;
Joys which, like angels, waft the soul above;
Wrongs that call heaven to vindicate the right!
The cherished secrets of each heart and mind
Lie bared to thee, thou unrecording wind?

V.

All things of earth are radiant with romance;
A spiritual language breathes around!
Even thou, lone Wind! that touchest few perchance,
Art still the very poetry of sound!
From thy soft rising to thy wildest hour,
Thou sing'st of life, eternity, and power!

LET US LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

1.

Let us love one another,—not long may we stay;
In this bleak world of mourning some droop while 'tis day,
Others fade in their noon, and few linger till eve:
Oh! there breaks not a heart but leaves some one to grieve;
And the fondest, the purest, the truest that met,
Have still found the need to forgive and forget!
Then, ah! though the hopes that we nourished decay,
Let us love one another as long as we stay.

II.

There are hearts, like the Ivy, though *all* be decayed
That it seemed to clasp fondly in sunlight and shade;
No leaves droop in sadness, still gaily they spread,
Undimm'd 'midst the blighted, the lonely, and dead:
But the mistletoe clings to the oak, not in part,
But with leaves closely round it—the root in its heart;
Exists but to twine it,—imbibe the same dew,—
Or to fall with its lov'd oak, and perish there too.

III.

Thus, let's love one another 'midst sorrows the worst,
Unaltered and fond, as we lov'd at the first;
Though the false wing of pleasure may change and forsake,
And the bright urn of wealth into particles break,
There are some sweet affections that wealth cannot buy,
That cling but still closer when sorrow draws nigh,
And remain with us yet, though all else pass away;
Thus, let's love one another as long as we stay.

THE PRINCE OF THE STORM.

1.

I was born in a cloud of sulphureous hue—
  Darkness my mother, and Flame my sire;
The earth shook in terror, as forth to its view
  I sprang from my throne like a monarch of fire!
My brother, bold Thunder, hurraed as I sped!
  My subjects laugh'd wild, till the rain from their eyes
Roll'd fast, as though torrents were dash'd over-head,
  Or an ocean had burst through the bounds of the skies!
    I am Prince of the Storm—of the Cloud—of the Air—
      I strike the firm oak that doth ages defy;
    And lo! in an instant 'tis shatter'd and bare—
      For the Lanceman of Death, the red Lightning am I!

II.

Hurrah! what a whirling and rush o'er the land;
Like the cannon of battle the dark mountains roar;
Whilst around, with my lances of fire in my hand,
I scatter wild havoc behind and before!—
Hurrah for the forest! with sounds like the ocean,
The boughs heave in billows and groan in the blast:
Then, silent as death, not a branch seen in motion,
They breathless look up when the tempest hath pass'd.
Oh, I'm Prince of the Storm—of the Air—of the Cloud,
I strike the tall rock that doth ages defy,
And lo! in an instant 'tis shiver'd and bowed—
For the Lanceman of Death, the red Lightning am I!

LA MEXICANA.

SUGGESTED BY AN INTERESTING PICTURE BY J. BOADEN.

I.

A vision from the world of thought—
  A dream of golden bowers;
When Youth and Time, like happy friends,
  Were wandering 'mid the flowers:
When Love came like an angel down,
  His radiant spells to weave;
And Hope sang like the lark at morn—
  The nightingale at eve.

II.

Within the mirror of the past,
How beautiful arise
The long-lost hues of early life—
The stars of Memory's skies!
When *one* bright beam of maiden's eye
Was sunlight to the mind;
One voice, a melody more sweet
Than Poesy may find!

III.

Our painter's hand hath caught the power
And spirit of romance;
How graceful that declining head!
How soft the downcast glance!
She lists!—'tis not the vesper-hymn
Along the valley borne,
Nor distant voice of forest-streams—
'Tis for her hunter's horn!

IV.

Her hunter's horn!—at break of day,
She heard his signal sound;
She saw across the misty hills
His own proud courser bound:
With rifle, lance, and bended bow,
To hunt the Llamma there;
Or chace, perchance, a nobler foe—
The panther from his lair.

V.

Why stays he yet?—the lonely moon
Looks o'er the mountains blue;
The wild swan seeks her reedy nest;
The stars gleam faint and few;
The deer lie slumbering by the stream,
Half hid their crested brow;
And dreary chime the midnight bells:—
Where stays her hunter now?

VI.

Why spring the startled deer afoot?
  Why wake the wild birds near?
She lists!—but, save the midnight chime,
  No whisper meets her ear.
Hark!—hark! they *are* his bugle-notes
  That up the river glide!
And, swift as echo to the sound,
  Her hunter's at her side!

THE DAYS GONE BY.

"Then would she sit
And think all day upon the past."—SOUTHEY.

I.

THE days gone by,—'tis sad, yet sweet,
To list the strain of parted hours;
To think of those we loved to meet
When children, 'mid a thousand flowers!
The scenes we roved—romantic—lone—
Ere yet our hearts had learned to sigh—
The dreams of glory once our own—
In days gone by—in days gone by!

II.

The days gone by—oh! is there not
A charm—a feeling in those words—
A music ne'er to be forgot—
Struck from the memory's sweetest chords!
With many a tone to wake a tear,
And many a thought we fain would fly;
Oh! still to every heart are dear
The days gone by—the days gone by!

III.

The days gone by—they have a spell
To burst the cerements of the grave;
And from oblivion's deepest cell,
The forms we loved and lost—to save!
Time may not fade those looks of light,—
Still beauteous to the mental eye
As the first hour they blest our sight,
In days gone by—in days gone by!

IV.

The days gone by—Man's best essay—
One fadeless work to leave behind—
Before their might hath passed away
Like dust upon the desert wind:
The very mountains have grown grey—
And stars have vanished from the sky—
The young—the fair—oh! where are they?—
With days gone by—with days gone by!

V.

The days gone by—from shore to shore
Their ever lengthening shadows spread
On—on—'till Time shall breathe no more—
And Earth itself be with the dead:
Each brief—unnoticed—minute bears
The mandate of its God on high:
And death and silence are the heirs
Of days gone by—of days gone by!

THE SCHOONER.

"Pourquoi ces sons effreux, ces longs rugissemens,
Ce tumulte confus, ce choc des élemens?—
O puissance féconde! O nature immortelle!—
Des Etres animés mere tendre et cruelle!—
Faut il donc qu' aux faveurs dont tu les as comblés,
Succèdent les fléaux dont ils sont accablés?"

ST. LAMBERT.

I.

THE misty sun sank fast
O'er the long and gloomy main,
And the hollow moaning blast
Swept like a burial strain.

II.

Yet swift the vessel flew,
In the spirit of her pride;
And the surges dashed like dew
From her bold, majestic side!

III.

The dim horizon shed
A thin and sickly ray;
The dull, black vapours spread
Like a pall along her way.

IV.

Yet lovely 'midst the storm—
As a rainbow on the deep—
Did the Schooner's stately form
O'er the bursting billows sweep!

V.

Blacker and blacker set
The wild, portentous night;
The winds and waters met,
Like demons in their might.

VI.

The tempest rode the main,
With death-denouncing speed;
And the giant mast was snapt in twain,
As a child would break a reed!

VII.

Then paler fell the cheek—
And dimmer grew the sight—
And lips that wished, yet dared not speak,
Turned cold and ghastly white.

VIII.

On—on the vessel ran,—
Trembling, and wild, and bare—
The skill and strength of man
Were dust upon the air.

IX.

On—on the vessel burst—
No helm—no cheering ray—
Like a dying thing accurst,
She held her dreadful way!

X.

The breakers girt her round;
One fierce wild shout of fear—
And the roaring waves were the only sound
That reached the landsman's ear!

* * * * *

XI.

'Twas a blue and moonlight night,
With a mild and shoreward breeze;
When a lonely wreck hove first in sight,
On the far Ægean seas.

XII.

No signal sound arose
From the solitary deck;
She seem'd alone amidst her foes—
That miserable wreck!

XIII.

From helm to prow no sound
Of living thing was there;—
Some gallant crew a grave had found,
Unblest by earthly prayer!

XIV.

Deep silence reigned above;
But, ah!—the berth below
Displayed a scene of human love—
A scene of human wo!

XV.

The beautiful—alas!—
The bright—the better flower
Is ever thus the first to pass
From Love's domestic bower!

XVI.

A youth, in sickness deep,
Lay breathing weak and low,
As soon the everlasting sleep
Would settle on his brow.

XVII.

And there—in all the pride
Of early bloom and grace,
A fair-haired girl knelt by his side,
With meekly beauteous face.

XVIII.

With blue, beseeching eyes,
In stedfast hope upraised!—
She seemed a sister of the skies,—
So holy was that gaze!

XIX.

And smote the hand of Death
Thus mildly in its might?
Lived there on that sweet lip no breath—
In those blue eyes no light?

XX.

Oh! lovely and not dark,
Death, is thy mild decay,
When the immortal spark
Yet radiates our clay!

XXI.

A gleam of daylight set,
May gild the cloud of eve;
And the soul's light linger yet
O'er the form it sighed to leave!

XXII.

Serene she knelt in *death*,
Beside the sufferer's bed;
The youth lay warm with life's free breath!—
The weary watcher dead!

HOPE.

What is Hope?—The beauteous sun,
Which colours all it shines upon;
The beacon of life's dreary sea,
The star of immortality!—
Fountain of feelings young and warm;
A day-beam bursting through the storm:
A tone of melody, whose birth
Is, oh!—too sweet—too pure for earth!—
A *blossom* of that radiant tree
Whose *fruit* the angels only see!—
A beauty and a charm, whose power
Is seen—enjoyed—confessed—each hour!
A portion of that world to come,
When earth and ocean meet the last o'erwhelming doom.

THE SULIOTE.

"Le lâche craint la mort, et c'est tout ce qu'il craint."—RACINE.

I.

I LIVE for Immortality,
And Time to me is nought;
Death hath no torture for the free,
No power with terror fraught!
Beyond the fetter and the brand,
The tyrant's red control;
I seek the everlasting land!—
The Sabbath of the Soul!

II.

Ye urge me to betray the friends,
For whose brave blood ye thirst;
Show me the bribe your tyrant sends
To purchase deed so curst!
Display the wealthy argosy,
This treachery to win;
To blast the counsels of the free—
And steep my name in sin!

III.

Away!—the gold was never found
That yet might shake my faith:
Bring—bring your felon racks around—
A Suliote fears not death!—
His home is like the eagle's nest,
Inviolate and high;
Freedom the idol of his breast,
For which 'tis *dear* to *die!*

IV.

List!—*'tis* the war-cry of the brave!
Hear ye that thrilling cheer?—
They come—whose every step 's a grave,
For each assembled here!
Marshal your stern and countless hordes!
Oh, vain and powerless show!
There lives a spirit in *our* swords
That *slavery* ne'er may know!

V.

Off!—I have heard a voice that fills
With treble strength these veins;
Back,—back!—the fire that lights our hills
Shall melt the tyrant's chains!
God of the Just! be *thou* my shield!
My fate be in thy hand!—
He dashed amidst the hostile field,—
He gained his native land!

THE YOUNG COTTAGERS.

"Soft pity never leaves the gentle breast."—SHERIDAN.

I.

THE blue streams know them—and the birds
Have grown familiar to their voice;
The echoes of the woods rejoice
In the glad music of their words!
Blithe creatures of the summer air,
Companions of the flower and bee;
Whose homeless feet find every-where
The free sweet rest of liberty:

My weary spirit leaps to see,
Their young forms in my wanderings;
Lone seated by some ancient tree—
Or brook that through the valley sings
A pleasant melody!

II.

Their voice my heart to gladness stirs,
Amid its utter loneliness;
And, half unconsciously, I bless
The young, the mountain cottagers!
True, they are poor—but He, whose power
Hath dressed the floweret of the vale,
Will not forget them in that hour
When tempest-winds prevail!
His eye—that rank nor wealth prefers,
But on earth's humblest children falls,
Bright as though born in palace-halls—
Will shield the mountain cottagers!

THE VISIONARY.

"But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised!"

WORDSWORTH.

I.

He had been superstitious from a child;
Haunted by fancies strangely beautiful—
Visions and thoughts magnificently wild—
Rendering earth's splendours valueless and dull:
The common air—sunless and vast and dim—
Opened a sphere of loveliness to him!

II.

A spiritual world!—of which the eyes
Imaged no portion—oft and oft he sought
By gazing on the glad green fields, the skies,
To lose the phantasies his brain had wrought:
Flashes of mind and madness!—but in vain—
They lived—till loftier influence burst the chain!

III.

He loved—and, oh! what language may the truth,
The full devotion of his soul impart?
She was the melody of his lone youth!—
The light—the poesy of his young heart!
The ring-dove of the birds—rose of the flowers—
The music and the idol of his hours!

IV.

Yet, to the gentle spirit of his love,
The richness of his voice was all unknown;
Perchance her linëage rank'd high above
The fallen power and station of his own:
And pride—for he *had* pride few might control—
Kept all untold the passion of his soul!

V.

A glance—a brief—a transient glance hath made
His young lips tremble with unuttered bliss:
She was the star 'neath whose pure light he strayed—
And, oh! what light 's so exquisite as this?
His proudest aspirations after fame,
Sprang from one hope—that she might breathe his name!

VI.

And lives he now!—remains the lady yet
The mirror of his musings?—and the light
Of his lone life—or have they never met?
Like streams that wander near but ne'er unite!
Still breathes unknown the sweetness of his word,
Or hath his long, deep love at last been heard?

VII.

The moon is shining on the quiet leaves
Of the dim cypress, whose low drooping head—
(Like one who through the midnight bends and grieves!)—
Shadows a tomb!—*his* tomb!—the young—the dead:
The *secret* of his death, who may declare?—
Enough to know—he perished—and sleeps there!—

THE SHIPS OF ENGLAND.

The ships!—the ships of England!—how gallantly they sweep
By town and city, fort and tower,—defenders of the deep!
We build no bastions 'gainst the foe, no mighty walls of stone;
Our warlike castles breast the tide—the boundless sea 's their own!

The ships!—the ships of England! What British heart is cold
To the honour of his native isle, to the deathless deeds of old?—
From quenched Armada's vaunted power, to glorious Trafalgār,—
From Philip to Napoleon—when set Britannia's star?

The ships!—the ships of England! Where'er the surges roar,—
Along the dark Atlantic, by the wild East-Indian shore—
Where icebergs flash destruction down, or sultry breezes play—
The flag of England floats alone, and triumphs on her way!

Where sweeps the wind, or swells the wave, our vessels glad the view;
The wondering savage marks their decks, and stays his swift canoe:
The Greenlander forsakes his sledge to watch each distant sail
Pass, like a spirit of the deep, beneath the moonlight pale!

Oh, wives, that love your cottage-homes! oh, maids, that love the green!
And youths, in whose firm, fearless limbs, a free-born grace is seen,—
Give honour to the noble ships, that fame and freedom lend,
And bid your songs of gratitude from hill and vale ascend!

What horrors of the midnight storm our reckless seamen know,
When thunders rattle overhead, and billows plunge below;
When howls the long ferocious blast, like some funereal strain,
And fast and far the vessel drives along the dreadful main!

How oft the cannon of the foe hath struck their dauntless breast,
While ye smiled o'er the social fire, or found the balm of rest!
How oft the shriek of drowning men the startled vulture caught,
When ye had closed your doors in peace, and home's sweet pleasures sought!

Then wake your songs of gratitude to those who brave the sea,
And peril life that ye may live, and still prove fair and free:
Amidst your harvest-fields, oh, bid this earnest prayer prevail:—
"God guard the ships of England, o'er whatever sea they sail!"

MY OWN.

"A solitary bliss thou ne'er couldst find,
Thy joys with those thou lov'st are intertwin'd."
HANNAH MORE.

I.

My own—my own—oh! breathes there one
To whom that simple word 's not dear?
Beats there a heart so drear and lone,
That holds not *some* loved object near?
Whose spirit like the arkless bird,
From all companionship hath flown;—
And finds no gladness in that word,
My own!—my own!—

II.

Who dull to every finer tie,
To every soft affection cold,
Lives on in cheerless apathy,
And in his very youth *seems old!*
Though frequent cares my mind enthral,
Could wealth, mere earthly wealth, atone
For the sweet beings *lost!*—I call
My own!—my own!

III.

No!—Time may still but speed to show
How false is Hope's delicious song,
And many a sorrow I must know;
But, oh!—sweet Heaven—may it be long
Ere those I love from me are gone;
And life a wilderness hath grown,
And of earth's millions there is *none*,
My own!—my own!

THE VILLAGE OF SCHEVENINGEN.

"And life,—alas! allows but one ill winter's day."—COWLEY.

I.

A STARTLING sound by night was heard,
From the Scheveningen coast;
Like vultures in their clamorous flight,
Or the trampling of a host.

II.

It broke the sleepers' heavy rest,
With harsh and threat'ning cry;
Storm was upon the lonely sea!
Storm on the midnight sky!

III.

The slumberers started up from sleep,
Like spectres from their graves;
Then—burst a hundred voices forth—
The waves!—the waves!—the waves!

IV.

The strong-built dykes lay overthrown:
And on their deadly way,
Like lions, came the mighty seas,
Impatient for their prey!

V.

Like lions, came the mighty seas—
Oh, vision of despair!—
'Mid ruins of their falling homes,
The blackness of the air.

VI.

Jesu! it was a fearful hour!
The elemental strife,
Howling above the shrieks of death—
The struggling groans for life!

VII.

Fathers beheld the hast'ning doom,
With stern, delirious eye;
Wildly they looked around for help,—
No help, alas! was nigh.

VIII.

Mothers stood trembling with their babes,
Uttering complaints—in vain—
No arm—but the Almighty arm—
Might stem that dreadful main!

IX.

No mercy—no relapse—no hope—
That night—the tempest-tost
Saw their paternal homes engulphed—
Lost!—oh, for ever lost!

X.

Again the blessed morning light
In the far heavens shone;
But where the pleasant village stood,
Swept the dark floods alone!

THE LAST LETTER.

"And all my hours of brief delight
Flew, like the speedy winds of night,
Which soon shall veil their sullen flight
Across my grave."

STRANGFORD'S CAMOENS.

THEY tell me, I am greatly changed,
From that which I have been:
So changed, it would have passed belief,
Had they not known—not seen:
They tell me, my once graceful form
Is waning—pale and thin—
Alas! these blighted looks scarce speak
The deeper blight within!

II.

They tell me, in one little month,
I seem to have lived years;
My ringlets have the shade of age,
My eyes are worn with tears:
They say, the beauteous cheek you praised,
Now wears a *deathly* hue;
And, oh! I feel within my breast,
My heart is dying too!

III.

I do not wish to send one pang
Of sadness to thy soul;
But there are feelings—deep and strong—
We may not *quite* control:
I do not—do I, love—reproach?—
Oh! if—forgive—forgive—
'Tis wo to think of thee—and die!
'Tis worse than wo—to live!

IV.

My sleep is wild and dark to me,
  My dreams are of the dead;
I wake—and bless the light of day;
  Though day brings its own dread:
The visions and the tongues *of home*,
  Haunt all my steps with pain;
Till fire is in my aching sight—
  And madness in my brain!

V.

This may not—will not—long endure;
  I know death's hour is nigh,—
And, oh! 'tis all on earth I ask,—
  To see thee—ere I die!
Is it too much for all my tears,
  For all my anguish past,
To grant me this—my parting prayer—
  My last—my very last!

ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES T. SWAIN.

Born April 4th, 1828; died November 21st, 1833.

I LOOK around, yet see thee not!—I list, but hear no more
The welcome of thy joyous voice that bless'd my heart of yore:
Thy chair stands empty by my side—and yet I scarce may deem
But that my senses wander wild in some dark, deathly dream,

Till starts conviction with the thought of all that thou hast borne:
Our long sad watchings through the night, 'midst doubt and anguish torn;
Our broken prayers—and hopes deferr'd that darkened into fears—
And steep'd the only food we eat in deep, heart-breaking tears!

I mark thy struggles yet for life—they haunt my soul with pain;
And, oh! the misery of heart to feel all help is vain.
I could have borne thy loss my child; but thus to watch thee go—
In lingering pangs of agony—lent torture to my wo!

Oh, I was all too vain of thee—too proud of thy fair frame,
Thy spirit, which seemed born to grace thy hapless father's name;
And 'twas to warn—to punish my presumption and my pride,
That Heaven hath claimed thee;—but for me, perchance, thou hadst not died!

Or was it, nearer to his God to call thy father's breast,
To show on what frail things his thoughts and best affections rest?—
How insecure his loved of earth—his proud views to control;
And fix upon immortal hopes his own immortal soul!

Oh! wherefore should I wish thee back to tread this weary
earth—
To taste the sick'ning consciousness of evil from thy birth—
To find how vain the long pursuit of happiness—and sigh;—
Or haply, like thy sire, to wed—and watch thy children
die!

No!—no! my boy—thou 'st well escaped the mournful lot
we win—
Fled, ere the whiteness of thy mind was shadowed by a sin;
As radiant from the touch of God—as stainless as when
given
First to our fond and grateful arms—thy soul returned to
heaven.

And guardian angels teach thee now an angel's part to fill—
Feed thy young mind with heavenly light, and shield thy
sight from ill;—
And whilst celestial love illumes thy sweet and beauteous face,
They train thee for eternal bliss—thy heritage of grace!

Then, though I miss thee from my side—though lonely
sinks my heart;
And bitter—bitter as it is to love thee so—yet part!—
Still would I not recall thee from the glory thou hast won,
Nor seek to gain thy spirit back—my own, my angel son!

Thou wert the first sweet bond of love our happy arms
received;
Thou art the first sad loss our hearts—bereavéd hearts—have
grieved;—
So may'st thou be the first to hail our spirits to their GOD,
When our desponding pilgrimage of life and time be trod!

And when the final pang may come—as come it shall
to all—
Let thoughts of thee direct our souls, and burst earth's
weary thrall;—
Plead at JEHOVAH'S feet whilst we are wandering towards
the grave,—
And as thou wert the first to leave—oh, be the first to save!

Though tears imprint each mournful word—I could not part,
my boy,
Without some token of our love—our brief and vanished joy;
I could not bear to lay thee low, beneath the cold, dark
earth,
With no memorial of thy fate—no record of thy birth!

'Twere some sad solace to my breast Time's wasting touch
to stay,
And on the altar of our minds embalm thee from decay;—
'Twere sweet, in after years, to hear thy sister's voice
impart
A feeling to this page—and seal thy name within her heart!

Farewell, my child! in other hours it is my trust to find
Thy seraph light to lead me on, and sanctify my mind!—
Like incense from the perished rose—oh, let thy spirit still
Linger around thy sire, and soothe his soul to Heaven's own
will!

THE HOME-BOUND BARK.

I.

'Tis the winter deep!
And the sea-fowl sweep
  Afar o'er the gloomy tide;
And the wild waves dash,
'Neath the signal's flash,
  Where the foamy tempests ride.

II.

And dark and drear,
On the seaman's ear,
  Hangs the vulture's ravening cry;
Like the startling breath,
Of some fiend of death,
  In wait for the souls that die.

III.

The sails are rent—
The stout mast 's bent—
And the helm and bowsprit gone;
And fast and far,
'Midst the billowy war,
The foundering bark drives on.

IV.

The shriek and prayer,
And the wan despair,
Of hearts thus torn away,
Are seen and heard
By the ravening bird
In chase of his drowning prey.

V.

Oh, many a sire,
By the low red fire,
Will wake through this night of wo—
For those who sleep
'Neath the surges deep,
Ten thousand fathom low!—

VI.

And many a maid,
In the lonely glade,
  For her absent love will mourn;
And watch and wail
For the home-bound sail
  That will never more return!

VII.

Mourn not *for the dead*,
On their sandy bed,
  Nor their last long sleep deplore;
But mourn for those,
In their home of woes,
  Who weep for evermore!

THE CHAMOIS HUNTERS.

I.

Away to the Alps! for the hunters are there,
To rouse the chamois, in his rock-vaulted lair.
From valley to mountain, see!—swiftly they go—
As the ball from the rifle—the shaft from the bow.
Nor chasms, nor glaciers, their firmness dismay;
Undaunted, they leap like young leopards at play;
And the dash of the torrent sounds welcome and dear,
As the voice of a friend to the wanderer's ear.

II.

They reck not the music of hound or of horn—
The neigh of the courser—the gladness of morn.
The blasts of the tempest their dark sinews brace;
And the wilder the danger, the sweeter the chace.
With spirits as strong as their footsteps are light,
On—onward they speed, in the joy of their might:
Till eve gathers round them, and silent and deep—
The bleak snow their pillow—the wild hunters sleep.

THE VILLAGE QUEEN.

"Com'st thou to weep with me?—for I am left
Alone on earth, of every tie bereft."

HEMANS.

THE nuts hang ripe upon the chestnut boughs;
And the rich stars send forth their clear blue light,
O'er glistening leaves, and flowers that, fond as love,
Perfume the very dew that bows their heads,
And lays their sweet and quiet beauty low!
And dream-like voices float upon the ear,
With mingling harmony of birds and trees,
And gushing waters! Beautiful is night—

And beautiful the *thoughts* she calls to birth!—
The *hopes* which make themselves immortal wings;
The *memories* that slow and sadly steal,
Like moonlight music, o'er the watching heart;
Yet, with a tone thus light, stirring the mind
To themes beyond a trumpet's breath to rouse!

My spirit wakes 'mid sad remembrances
Of one who shone the beauty of our vale—
The idol of our homes—our Village Queen!
Methinks I see her now!—the graceful girl!
The shadowy richness of her auburn hair
Half parted o'er a brow white as the bloom
Of the wild myrtle flower: and eyes whose hue
Was like the violet's, with more of light;
A silent poetry dwelt in their depths—
A melody inaudible!—Her neck—
Oh, elegant and fair as the young dove's!—
Gave to the mild expression of her form
The grace that artists study. Thus she looked,
Ere early blight had wasted her fine bloom,
And dimmed the gladness of her starry eyes!
Her home was small, but very beautiful:
A pastoral cot—midst mountain, rock, and vale,

And pleasant water—all that constitutes
A picture of romance—a summer home!
There, like a rose, she grew from infancy,
The blessing of a widowed mother's heart—
Light of her eyes—the dial of her mind,
Round which her thoughts revolved!

An orphan youth,
The offspring of a distant relative,
Dwelt with the aged matron and her child,
And rose to manhood 'neath their generous roof:
Alas, for the return!—'Tis strange that one
So mild and gentle in her loveliness,
Whose life was simple as the wilding broom,
And happiest in the shade, should nurse so fond,
So deep a passion for a youth whose moods
Were ever wayward, gloomy, wild, and bold,
Jealous and proud—the passionate reverse
Of her sweet, guileless self! And *yet* she loved,
With that intense affection, that deep faith,
Which knows no change, and sets but o'er the tomb!
'Twere vain to trace how, step by step, he fell—
How, deed by deed, he darkened into *guilt*,
And perished in his crimes!

Sweet Eleanor!—
Pale, blighted girl!—she withered fast, like those
Who have no *earthly* hope; yet still she smiled,
And said she should be happy soon—and breathed,
Like a young dying swan, her music tones
Of parting tenderness, into that fount
Which might not hold them long—a mother's heart!

Oh! youth is like the *emerald* which throws
Its own *green* light o'er all!—even to the last,
She spoke of brighter hours, of happier days,
Of nights that bring no sorrow—no regret;
That she would love *none* but her mother now,
And *she* henceforth should be the world to her.

Do you behold where the lone rising moon
Tinges with holy light the village spire,
And braids with silver the far cypress boughs,
Bending, like Mercy, o'er the sorrowing brow,
And lonely heart, the weary and the worn?—
There, in her early tomb, reclines the pride
And beauty of our vale—The Village Queen!

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

I.

Forgive and Forget! why the world would be lonely,
The garden a wilderness left to deform;
If the flowers but remember'd the chilling winds only,
And the fields gave no verdure for fear of the storm!
Oh, still in thy loveliness emblem the flower,
Give the fragrance of feeling to sweeten life's way;
And prolong not again the brief cloud of an hour,
With tears that but darken the rest of the day!

II.

Forgive and Forget! there 's no breast so unfeeling
But some gentle thoughts of affection there live;
And the best of us all require something concealing,
Some heart that with smiles can forget and forgive!
Then away with the cloud from those beautiful eyes,
That brow was no home for such frowns to have met:
Oh, how could our spirits e'er hope for the skies,
If Heaven refused to Forgive and Forget.

IF THOU HAST LOST A FRIEND.

1.

If thou hast lost a friend,
By hard or hasty word,
Go,—call him to thy heart again;
Let Pride no more be heard.
Remind him of those happy days,
Too beautiful to last;
Ask, if a *word* should cancel years
Of truth and friendship past?
Oh! if thou 'st lost a friend,
By hard or hasty word,
Go,—call him to thy heart again;
Let Pride no more be heard.

II.

Oh! tell him, from thy thought
The light of joy hath fled;
That, in thy sad and silent breast,
Thy lonely heart seems dead;
That mount and vale,—each path ye trod,
By morn or evening dim,—
Reproach you with their frowning gaze,
And ask your soul for him.
Then, if thou 'st lost a friend,
By hard or hasty word,
Go,—call him to thy heart again;
Let Pride no more be heard.

EUDOCIA.

"The passion of a Syrian youth completed the ruin of the exiles of Damascus. A nobleman of the city, of the name of Phocyas, was betrothed to a wealthy maiden; but her parents delayed the consummation of his nuptials, and their daughter was persuaded to escape with the man whom she had chosen. They corrupted the nightly watchmen of the gate Keisan: the lover, who led the way, was encompassed by a squadron of Arabs; but his exclamation in the Greek tongue—'The bird is taken,' admonished his mistress to hasten her return. In the presence of Caled, and of death, the unfortunate Phocyas professed his belief in Mahomet. When the city was taken, he flew to the monastery where Eudocia had taken refuge; but the Apostate was scorned!"

GIBBON.

I.

AWAY!—Speak not to me of days
Of hopes that erst have been;
Speak not to me—nor mock my gaze
With tears, as false as mean!
I tell thee—but, oh! words are vain—
Thou traitor to thy land—thou stain—
Would I had never seen
The hour which paralyzed thy fame,
And gave thee an Apostate's name!

II.

Oh, hadst thou foremost led the fight,
Where Syria's banners wave,
In aid of thine own country's right,
To perish—or to save!
If thou hadst crushed the Moslem foe
That dared to lay our altars low—
True to the vow I gave,
I would have loved thee to the last;
But, go! that hope is lost—is past!

III.

Still stand'st thou here with breast and brow
Thus servilely arrayed;
Where is the light of honour now,
The pride thou once displayed:
Thine eye is dim—thine arm is weak—
The dastard's hue imbues thy cheek—
Thou shameless Renegade!
Speak'st thou of my recorded vow?
He was a Man I loved—not Thou!

IV.

Go!—Scorned by all, thy monument
Shall register thy shame;
Thou delegate of evil—sent
To scourge with sword and flame!
False to thy God! thy Country's wo!
Oh! grief, that I should ever know
Thy miserable name!
Would when this day arose, its gloom
Had burst upon Eudocia's tomb!

THE PEASANTRY OF ENGLAND.

I.

The Peasantry of England,
The merry hearts and free;
The sword may boast a braver band—
But give the scythe to me!
Give me the fame of industry,
Worth all your classic tomes!
God guard the English Peasantry,
And grant them happy homes!

II.

The sinews of old England!
The bulwarks of the soil!
How much we owe each manly hand,
Thus fearless of its toil!
Oh, he who loves the harvest free,
Will sing where'er he roams,
God bless the English Peasantry,
And give them happy homes!

III.

God speed the plough of England!
We 'll hail it with three cheers:
And here 's to those whose labour planned
The all which life endears!
May still the wealth of Industry
Be seen where'er man roams;
A cheer for England's Peasantry!
God send them happy homes!

BOYHOOD.

I.

The dreams of early youth,
How beautiful they are—how full of joy!
When fancy looks like truth,
And life shows not a taint of sin's alloy.

II.

When every heart appears
The temple of high thought and noble deed;
When our most bitter tears
Fall o'er some melancholy page we read.

III.

The summer morn's fresh hours—
Her thousand woodland songs—her glorious hues:
Oh! life's so full of flowers,
The difficulty *then*, is where to choose!

IV.

The wonderful blue sky—
Its cloudy palaces—its gorgeous fanes;
The rainbow tints which lie
Like distant golden seas near purple plains;

V.

These never shine again,
As once they shone upon our raptured gaze:
The clouds which may remain
Paint *other visions* than in those sweet days!

VI.

In hours thus pure—sublime—
Dreams we would make realities: life seems
So changed in after-time,
That we would wish realities were dreams!

OLD FRIENDS TOGETHER.

I.

Oh, time is sweet, when roses meet
With Spring's sweet breath around them;
And sweet the cost, when hearts are lost,
If those we love have found them!
And sweet the Mind, that still can find
A star in darkest weather!
But nought can be so sweet to see,
As old friends met together!

II.

Those days of old, when youth was bold,
And Time stole wings to speed it,
And youth ne'er knew how fast time flew—
Or knowing, did not heed it!
Though gray each brow that meets us now—
For age brings wintry weather—
Yet nought can be so sweet to see
As those old friends together!

III.

The *few* long known, that years have shown,
With hearts that friendship blesses;
A hand to cheer—perchance, *a tear*
To soothe a friend's distresses!
That helped and tried—still side by side—
A friend to face hard weather;
Oh, thus may *we* yet joy to see,
And meet old friends together!

THE LEEK.

I.

Up with the leek! 'tis the emblem of honour,
The symbol which Cambria in victory bore;
When the brands of the Saxons were rushing upon her,
And Cadwallon stood firm as a rock on the shore.
Up with the leek! 'twas a record of glory,
Ere roses or shamrocks were famous in song;
'Twas the light of the bard, and the spirit of story,
The darling of freedom, the pride of each tongue!

II.

Up with the leek! and the lip that would scorn it
Had better scorn death on the edge of the grave;
For heroes, and statesmen, and minstrels have worn it,
The daughters of beauty, the sons of the brave!
Up with the leek! while its green leaf shines o'er us,
Whilst Nature rejoices to welcome its birth;
We will cherish it still, as our sires did before us,
An emblem, the proudest, and noblest on earth!

THE LYRE.

"There is a living spirit in the Lyre."—MONTGOMERY.

I.

A SOUND came floating by,
O'er the still beauty of the moonlight air;
Soft as a spirit's sigh,
Soothing the death-couch of the young and fair.

II.

A sound came floating free,
A wild, and low, and melancholy sound;
A wandering harmony,
Haunting the slumber of the woods around.

III.

" Whence art thou?" murmured I—
" Lone visitant of this deserted shrine,
Whence art thou?—speak, reply;
Answer, thou voice, this troubled heart of mine!"

IV.

" Ere yet the shadowy woods
Waved their green honours to the breath of morn;
Ere yet the solitudes
Echoed the song of thunders—I was born!

V.

" My voice was known and heard,
When Paradise grew glorious with the light
Of Angels!—and the Word
Spake 'midst the stars of first created night!

VI.

" My voice was *felt*, when first
The gathering murmur of the deluge woke!
When, like creation's burst,
Proud forests fell—and giant mountains broke!

VII.

"Mine was the breath that drew
The Patriot forth to guard his native shore;
When lances wildly flew—
And cities trembled to the cannon's roar!

VIII.

"Upon my wings the prayer
Of countless millions sought the Saviour's throne:
My power is everywhere—
In every heart—in every language known!

IX.

"*Still* ask'st thou *what* am I?—
Go, ask the Bard whose visions I inspire:
And, oh! *he* will reply,
The Lyre—the Lyre—the soul-exalting Lyre!"

THE BUCCANEER'S SONG.

1.

I LOVE the Night, when the gale sweeps high,
And the summer-calms are o'er;
When the ship, like an Ocean-steed, leaps by
Where the midland breakers roar!
I love the Night, and the startling light
Of the Spirit of the Storm;
And better the blast, and the rocking mast,
Than the sun-set mild and warm!

II.

No love have I for the starry eve—
No joy on the breezeless main—
But I long to hear the tempest grieve,
And list the thunder-strain!
Let the gondola glide o'er the moonlight tide,
And the mandolin wake its song;
I love the bark, when the seas are dark,
And the midnight wild and long!

III.

I turn away from the lover's lay—
'Tis weariness to hear
The lisping note, and the warbling throat,
Of the sighing Cavalier!
Oh! the Ocean-shout, when the Storm is out,
Is a nobler strain to me;
Here would I sleep, where the billows leap,
On the bold, unconquer'd Sea!

THE BEAUTIFUL DAY.

Day on the mountain, the beautiful Day,
And the torrent leaps forth in the pride of his ray;
The chamois awakes from her wild forest dream,
And bounds in the gladness and life of his beam;
And the horn of the Hunter is sounding,—away!
Light, light on the hills—'tis the beautiful Day!

Day in the valley,—the rivulet rolls
Cloudless and calm as the home of our souls;
The harvest is waving, and fountain and flower
Are sparkling and sweet as the radiant hour;
And the song of the reapers, the lark's sunny lay,
Proclaim through the valley—Day! beautiful Day!

Oh, solemn and sad his far setting appears,
When the last ray declines, and the flowers are in tears,—
When the shadows of evening like death-banners wave,
And darkness encloses the world like a grave;
Yet, the sun, like the soul, shall arise from decay,
And again light the world with Day, beautiful Day!

KING FROST.

I.

King Frost galloped hard from his Palace of Snow
To the hills whence the floods dashed in thunder below;
But he breathed on the waters, that swooned at his will,
And their clamour was o'er, for the torrents stood still!
"Ho! ho!" thought the King, as he galloped along,
"I have stopp'd those mad torrents awhile in their song."

II.

With pennons high streaming, in gladness and pride,
A fair vessel moved o'er the billowy tide;
But whilst bold hearts were deeming their perils all past,
King Frost struck the billows, and fetter'd them fast!
"Ho! ho!" cried the monarch, "their homes may long wait
Ere aught, my fine vessel, be heard of your fate!"

III.

Through the Forest rode he, and the skeleton trees
Groaned, wither'd and wild, 'gainst the desolate breeze:
And shook their hoar locks as the Frost King flew by,
Whilst the hail rattled round, like a volley from high!
"Ho! ho!" shouted he, "my old Sylvans, ye're bare,
But my minister, Snow, shall find robes for your wear!"

IV.

By the convent sped he—by the lone, ruin'd fane,
Where the castle frown'd wild o'er its rocky domain;
And the warder grew pallid, and shook, as in fear,
As the monarch swept by with his icicle spear!
Whilst his herald, the Blast, breathed defiance below,
And hurrah'd for King Frost and his Palace of Snow!

I WOOED THEE.

I.

I WOOED thee, I wooed thee, my love,
For charms more endearing than speak
In thy soft beaming eye—like the dove—
Or the exquisite grace of thy cheek.
For a heart by each feeling refined,
And pure as a seraph's above;
For the beauty and grace of thy mind,
I wooed thee, I wooed thee, my love.

II.

When the spring-tide of beauty is o'er,
And the grace of thy young cheek decay'd,
The Mind will a new spring restore,
Whose loveliness never may fade!
For *there* the true fountain is giv'n,
Life's charm and enchantment to prove;
Not only for *Earth*,—but for *Heav'n*,—
I wooed thee, I wooed thee, my love.

IT WAS THE EARLY WINTER.

1.

It was the early winter,
The snow was on the ground,
When first my beauteous maiden,
My flower of love I found:
She passed me with a timid step,
A soft and downcast eye;
My feelings mounted to my cheek,
When first my love pass'd by.

II.

I saw her gain the cottage,
And yet I linger'd near;
Around me breathed a magic—
Life never seem'd so dear!
My spirit in a golden ring
Of beauty had been bound:
It was the early winter,
The snow was on the ground.

III.

I saw her on the Sabbath,
I ventured near her side;
Oh, how I pray'd to Providence
That she might be my bride!
And soon my fondest hopes were blest,
Whilst bells did sweetly sound:
It was the early winter,
The snow was on the ground.

POOR MAN'S SONG.

I.

Oh! better be poor and be merry,
Than rich as a lord and be sad;
For good beer laughs louder than sherry,
Which never such happy friends had!
There's a tale for each drop in the tankard,
A song for each fresh filling-up;
Time may chide if he will,—here we're anchor'd—
Whilst Friendship goes round with the cup.
For better be poor and be merry, &c.

II.

The Baron may arrogate loudly
The splendours of lordship and land;
And why not the Peasant as proudly
The skill of his wealth-making hand!
Oh, liberty 's not for the Knightly—
The poorest are often more free;
And he who thinks well, and acts rightly,
Who 's richer or nobler than he?
Then better be poor and be merry, &c.

III.

Here 's the strength of old England, my hearties,
The vigour that lies in *good beer!*
Political changes and parties
Keep outside the door whilst we 're here!
May the plough and the loom thrive together;
May Industry ne'er know a sigh;
And the times that bring darkest of weather
Still show us a brighter day nigh!
Then better be poor and be merry, &c.

MEET ME THERE.

I.

When the lingering daylight closes
O'er the lily's graceful breast;
When the moonbeam on the roses
Glitters like a bridal vest;
By the stream through Devon flowing
Like some faint and fairy strain,
Meet me, in thy beauty glowing,
Meet me there—my own sweet Jane!

II.

For the daylight first shall perish
Ne'er to bless my waking sight,
And the moonbeam fail to cherish
Love's own roses through the night;
And the stream be mute for ever
Through sweet Devon's lonely plain,—
Heart and soul and feeling sever—
Ere I cease to love my Jane!

THE KIND OLD FRIENDLY FEELINGS.

1.

The kind old friendly feelings!
We have their spirit yet—
Though years and years have passed, old friend,
Since thou and I last met!
And something of gray Time's advance
Speaks in thy fading eye;
Yet 'tis the same good, honest glance
I loved in times gone by!
Ere the kind old friendly feelings
Had ever brought one sigh!

II.

The warm old friendly feelings!
Ah, who need yet be told,
No other links can bind the heart
Like those loved links of old!
Thy hand I joyed in youth to clasp
The touch of age may show;
Yet, 'tis the same true, hearty grasp
I loved so long ago!
Ere the last old friendly feelings
Had taught one tear to flow!

III.

The kind, old friendly feelings!
Oh, seem they e'er less dear
Because some recollections
May meet us with a tear?
Though hopes we shared,—the early beams
Ambition showed our way,—
Have fled, dear friend, like morning dreams
Before Truth's searching ray;—
Still we've kept the kind old feelings
That blessed our youthful day!

WHAT'S A FAIR OR NOBLE FACE?

I.

What's a fair or noble face,
If the mind ignoble be?
What though Beauty, in each grace,
May her own resemblance see!
Eyes may catch from heaven their spell,
Lips the ruby's light recall;
In the Home for Love to dwell
One good feeling's worth them all.

II.

Give me Virtue's rose to trace,
Honour's kindling glance and mien;
Howsoever plain the face,
Beauty *is* where these are seen!
Raven ringlets o'er the snow
Of the whitest neck may fall;
In the Home for Love we know
One good feeling's worth them all!

THE BRIDE'S FATHER.

I.

The last kiss is given—the last adieu sigh'd—
The bridegroom 's away with his beautiful bride;
Alone sits the father—alone in his years!
The mansion is silent, the old man in tears!
He thinks of her sweetness, which soothed every care,
And he fondly looks up, as expecting her there.
Ah! when was the time he such sorrow had shown,
And she came not?—but now the old man weeps alone.

II.

And could she remember his fondness, that threw
Fresh flowers o'er her path every moment she knew—
That granted each wish her light heart could prefer—
Who in the wide world had but her—only her!
Oh, Nature! how strange and unfeeling appears
This breaking of all the affections of years,
For one who a summer ago was unknown!
Yet that one has her heart—the old man weeps alone!

III.

No, not for a crown—as an emperor's bride—
Had I quitted a father's affectionate side!
I 'd have thought of his evenings, long, lonely, and dim,
And priz'd not a love unconnected with him;
Deem'd the one who 'd have sooth'd not my father's decline,
Howe'er he might love me, unworthy of mine;
Nor chang'd the affections 'neath which I had grown,
Nor left a fond father—old, cheerless, and lone!

FOREST TREES.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods."—Byron.

Ye trees, ye forest trees,
In beauty mantled by the touch of God—
Ye hand-marks of his love—high monuments
Of his eternal power—bulwarks of Time—
Great archetypes of Nature's majesty!—
That, to the sun-smile of the summer, lift
Your wreathéd branches—green and beautiful,
And strong, as when the living breath of God

First brought you forth—ye trees—ye forest trees!—
Imagination spreads her hundred wings,
From desert coast to alpine solitude,
And fleet as light pursues her devious track;
But whither may she speed and find Thee not,
Thou great first cause—Supreme, Almighty Lord!—
The wilderness is vocal with thy name—
The solitudes are conscious of their God!

Glory of Egypt and the Temple's pride!
Thou Titan of the woods—whose stately form
Assumes an air of immortality—
Cedar of Lebanon, begin the theme:
The gusts of centuries dash o'er thy head—
The thunders strike thy foot—yet all unharmed
Thou stand'st superior to the elements,
Firm in thine own unmatched magnificence;
And lift'st thy branches in triumphal song,
A song of praise and power!—thy regal boughs,
As eastern velvet—smooth, luxurious, soft;
Thy tufted leaves, low drooping—like a veil—
Glossy and green, and delicately curved,
Gracing the vigour of their parent stem,
Like Beauty round the neck of Hercules!

Proud tree, from out whose glorious heart were formed
Temples and palaces and statues vast;[1]
And ships, whose mighty prows defied the storm,
Still be thy presence honoured, and thy name
A stirring record to all after-time;
A chronicle of greatness—desolate!

Linger the mountain waters on their track,
Charmed by thy modest beauty—weeping Birch—
Lone Widow of the Woods—sad monitress—
Bending like Piety before the shrine
Of holy Nature!—thou divinest tree!—
Well may the waters linger 'neath thy glance,
And kiss thy pendant tresses with cool lips,
And float around thee in perpetual song!

And thou,
That midst the mountains of Calabria tow'rst
Thy hundred heads, thy continent of leaves,
Thou model of the picturesque, that won
The soul of him whose genius lit the world
With visions of the wonderful and grand!—
Pride of Salvator Rosa—whose high name
Evokes a sound familiar to our ears,

And gladsome to our thoughts; brave Chestnut tree!—
The sun-rise sheds its glory on thy leaves,
And sun-set robes thee still; on every shore
Fertile or barren art thou resident;
The hunted stag beneath thy covert hides—
And the gaunt wolf and spotted panther howl
Through the long watch of night, scared by the gleam
Of spectral moonlight on thy forked crest!

Come forth, Spring calls thee forth, beautiful Elm,—
Thy purple blossoms ope the first to hail
The April sun-beam, and thy foliage, light
As ocean spray—swells first to wreath the air:—
Come forth, Spring calls thee forth, beautiful Elm—
Thou and thy sister, the luxuriant Larch—
The Grace of the young Grove!—whose taper boughs
Robed in their proud prosperity of leaves,
O'ertop the shadowy level of the woods
Like a rich obelisk of beryl!—Rise!
Come forth! and glad the birds—and glad the sun—
And fill the heart with meditative joy!

And ever be *thou* consecrate—dark Yew,
Whose shadow, like a midnight spectre, stands

Close by the mouldering chancel, whose drear sigh
Falls like the voice of graves—low, startling, deep:
Whose branches through the long, cold, wintry night,
Spread like dim shrouds—precursors of the tomb!
Oh! ever be thou consecrate—thou wert
A sacred symbol in the olden days;
And art a moral, and shalt be a guide
To future ages, when the *living* crowd
Have glittered—smiled—exulted——and *decayed!*

THE MARINER'S FIRST LESSON.

I.

'Twas on the coast of Alderney
In the quiet morning hour,
When Autumn shed her richest ray
O'er lingering leaf and flower,
Four children by their grandsire grey
Were taught the shipwright's power.

II.

"'Tis merry on the ebbing tide
To launch your shallops free,
Mid sunny ripples mark them glide,
And shout with boyhood's glee:
Ye've felt no storms," the old man cried,
"Lone o'er the midnight sea;

III.

"Nor heard the stern and startling blast
Through wildering darkness cry,
While masts and sails to ruin cast
Midst warring waves dashed by;
Nor seen that dreadful strife—the last
Fierce struggle not to die!

IV.

"'Tis sport for ye when waves sink low
The dimpled shore to roam,
And watch your fairy-streamers flow
'Neath heaven's unclouded dome;
Or when the rising tempests blow,
To shelter safe at home.

V.

"But gather round, and ye shall hear
Of different shores from these,
When I, a young man, knew not fear,
Nor cared for wreck nor breeze:
Ah! riper years have taught me dear
The sorrows of the seas!

VI.

"'Twas in the spring of sixty-four,
Whilst boarding fresh supplies,
Our captain shipped a precious store
Of gold and merchandise :—
When will the plundering waves restore
The wealth that 'neath them lies?

VII.

"Scarce three brief days had shone and set,
With all our canvass free,
Ere adverse winds the vessel met
And drove her under lee;
And all that week we tossed, and yet
No haven might we see.

VIII.

"Then burst the storm, the billows leapt
Like living beasts of prey,
Our rudder from her fast'nings swept,
And rent our sails away:
It was a woful watch we kept
From dreary day to day.

IX.

"A weary watch 'mid sleet and rain,
Yet hard we strove to clear,
Though showed the seams at every strain
How much was still to fear;
And day, declining dark, left vain
Hope's frail essay to cheer;

X.

"For all night through the lightnings flew,
The deafening thunders rolled,
The reeling mainmast crashed in two
As the ravening waters shoaled,
And the blinding foam around us blew,
While paler drooped the bold.

XI.

"Eight hundred leagues we labour'd on
And held her still afloat,
But e'en the captain's heart was gone
When our only mast lay smote;
So the skiff was filled, and forty-one
All crowded in the boat.

XII.

"When biscuits, wine, and oil were lowered
Our weary lives to keep,
And what of all that treasure-hoard
Availed for food or sleep,
We saw the ship, so richly stored,
Drift *crewless* o'er the deep.

XIII.

"The rich silks and the costly wine,
The bars of gold she bore,
Went drifting o'er the fatal brine
Afar from any shore;
And not a wreck, or relic fine,
Were ever heard of more.

XIV.

"Morn came; but vapoury and drear;
No cheering sunlight spread;
The showering firmament severe
Frowned o'er our naked head;
And on our hopeless hearts press'd fear
Heavy and cold as lead.

XV.

"The wild rain poured, the bleak wind roared,
Our boats yet made no speed;
So lots were cast, though all deplored
The dark and guilty deed,—
That five should be thrown overboard
To save the rest in need!

XVI.

"'Twas done! and lighter on we rolled:
Three chilling midnights passed,
And fiercer, keener grew the cold,
Still sharper the shrill blast;
Thus wo and suffering, hourly told,
Reduced our numbers fast.

XVII.

"Our ears with shrieks and howlings rang,
Hoarse wailing prayers for sin;
Whilst some, delirious, outward sprang,
A speedier grave to win;
Some *famine*, like a tiger's fang,
Gnawed savagely within.

XVIII.

"Cold!—cold!—drift ice came floating far,
Our sail was frozen white;
No sun, nor ray of twinkling star,
But the moon shone day and night!
The ice, like ocean's endless bar,
Spread ever on our sight.

XIX.

"A miserable lot we found
Upon that ocean frore,
Where icebergs split with thundering sound,
And barred our passage o'er;
Yet evening saw our boats aground,
Moored on a desert-shore.

XX.

"But seven, of all that gallant crew,
Remained to dash the tear
Upon a coast no creature knew,
So desolate and drear,
Where tree, nor shrub, nor grass e'er grew
Within its blighting sphere.

XXI.

"Our hands were *blistered* with the frost;
Our eyes shrank 'neath the glare
Of ghastly snows in mountains tost
That hemmed us everywhere;
Yet food we found, whenever cross'd
The red fox or the bear.

XXII.

"Three years upon that dreadful strand
We dwelt in wo and pain,
And never thought to see the land,
The homes we loved again;
But God held forth that saving hand
Man never seeks in vain!

XXIII.

"A whaler that had lost her way
Beheld us, and hove near:
When, when shall I forget that day?
The sudden hope—the fear—
The anguish of each brief delay,—
A moment seemed a year!

XXIV.

"Since then I've weather'd many a breeze,
From many a wreck been cast,
And should praise heaven upon my knees
For all its mercies past;
Though my *first lesson* on the seas
Had well nigh been my *last*."

THE VOICE OF NIGHT.

"Night is the time to muse;
Then, from the eye, the soul
Takes flight, and, with expanding views
Beyond the starry pole,
Descries athwart the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light."

MONTGOMERY.

I.

How beautiful the heavens look to-night!—
So calm, transparent; and the starry crowd,—
Those exquisite embodyments of light,—
Could ye not almost fancy they were proud
Of their own loveliness?—that they had bliss
In beaming forth on such a night as this?

II.

For ever and for ever there is set
In the enduring sky, a seal and sign,
A voiceless evidence of God!—which yet
Unchanged shall live, when this frail form of mine
Hath mouldered from the bosom of the earth,
Leaving no record of its mortal birth.

III.

The *elements* of which we are composed
May perish; *they* are finite: but the soul
Bursts from the frame in which it lived enclosed,
Beyond the grasping reach of Time's control!—
That spirit which within us swells and speaks,
Shall *find* the immortality it *seeks!*

IV.

Oh, thou!—Creator!—God!—and can it be
That man is heir to thine own glorious heaven?—
'Tis so!—the *light*, which is *sublimity*,—
The *essence*, which is *thought*, by Thee were given!—
The fear and heaviness of doubt are o'er—
I muse, and feel—and tremble—and adore!

THE DEATH OF EUCLES.

Immediately after the battle of Marathon, Eucles, an Athenian Soldier, still reeking with the blood of the enemy, quitted the army and ran to Athens, to carry his fellow-citizens the happy news of the victory. When he reached his wife and children, he only uttered two words, "*We triumph!*" and fell down dead at their feet.

I.

All cloudless gleamed the day,
O'er mountain, vale, and tree,
Where the Persian army proudly lay,
By the wild Ægean Sea:
Ten times ten thousand hostile brands
Flash'd from their dark barbarian hands.

II.

Like leopards, ere they spring,
The Grecian warriors stood,—
Like vultures, hovering on the wing,
Ere they track the gory flood!
Each roughly grasped his quivering blade,
And eager for the signal, stayed!

III.

"Hellas—for Hellas on!"
Upon that word, like light,
Athena's bravest hearts are gone:—
And what shall tame their might?—
Darius' chains[2]—or Persia's spears?
Away!—breathe that to coward ears!

IV.

"Hellas!—for Hellas on!"
It was a sound to *feel*,
When rush'd the Greeks, at Marathon—
A cataract of steel!—
When Datis' legions, pale with dread,
Like ruffians fought—like recreants fled!—

V.

O, Alalé![3]—bring now
Your fetters for the brave;
Vain boast!—your haughty hosts lie low—
Your ships drink deep the wave!—
The honour of your arms is stained,
And Greece—victorious Greece—*unchained.*

VI.

O, Alalé!—Then rush'd
Brave Eucles from the fight;
While from his breast the warm blood gushed,
And dizzy grew his sight:
With cloven helm, and shiver'd crest,
Onward the dying warrior pressed.

VII.

"Oh, for one moment's breath!—
One look—ere sight be o'er!
Oh, to behold—though but in death—
The home I love once more!
But once to hear the proud acclaim
Of victory, and Athena's name!"

VIII.

Wounded, and wild, and worn,
Pale Eucles hurried on;
The sire that blessed him ere that morn
Had known not *then* his son:
The pallid brow, the startling mien,
Seem'd but the wreck of what had been.

IX.

But lo! the gates were passed—
The warrior's haven won!
He saw his own dear *home* at last—
His wife—his lovely one!
"Hail—hail"—he cried, "Greece, Greece is free!
We triumph!—shout for Victory!"

X.

With eager arms he turned
To clasp them to his breast;
Whilst all the father in him burned,
And glory wreathed his crest:
But back the dying hero fell,
With triumph in his last farewell.

XI.

Yet to the death he bore
The Persian standard high,—
Won 'mid the battle's fiercest roar,
When spears were flashing by—
When sword 'gainst sword was dash'd in twain,
Through the red harvest of the slain.

XII.

Oh, War! upon thy shrine,
How many hearts are piled!—
How many orphan-homes are thine—
Dark graves and mourners wild!
How many hopes hath thy dread name
Struck blind—as with the lightning's flame!

GOOD FORTUNE.

I.

Good Fortune's hard to overtake,
And then 'tis coy to greet us;
But Ill-luck every turn we make
Runs half the way to meet us!
Then let us fence ourselves around
With friends whose smiles may cheer us;
For Sorrow ne'er so keen is found,
When Friendship's hand is near us!
Oh, Good Fortune's hard to overtake, &c.

II.

That Power which gave the Sun its plan,
Its laws to light and warm us,
Fixed in the breast the Heart of man,
Like nature's sun, to charm us.
Then let us bask beneath its light,
Its warmest rays of feeling;
And prove no orb of day nor night
Hath beams like these revealing.
For oh, Good Fortune's hard to overtake, &c.

NO MORE.

I.

No more, dear valley of my youth,
I breathe thy free inspiring air;—
Romance hath yielded now to Truth,
Dark droop the hopes that once bloom'd fair!
The poetry of soul that threw
Its fine and rich enchantment o'er
The valley, and each scene I knew,
Is felt no more!

II.

No more, beside the clustering vine,
My sister, may'st thou smile and sing;—
Yet, oh! if ever song 's divine
It is when Memory wreathes the string!—
I left thee, but with looks that gave
No coming sorrow to deplore;—
And *now*—I weep above thy grave!—
Thou sing'st no more!—

III.

It is not that the Vale is changed,
The change is in my own sad heart;
Still smile the very scenes we ranged,
But where 's the charm they could impart?
Ah, thus looks youth to Man as born
For all that nobler minds adore;
And man looks back to Youth's brief morn
And smiles no more!

ELSPETH OF THE CRAIGBURNFOOT.

Elspeth. "Then I 'll unlade my mind, come o' t what will."
SCOTT'S ANTIQUARY.

I.

OLD ELSPETH sits in the Fisher's cot
By the wood-fire's ghastly ray;
The sea-wind shrieks, but she hears it not—
Her thought is far away!
With a haunting voice from a distant grave,
Shrieking more wild than the wild sea wave!

II.

Old Elspeth sits in the fisher's cot—
And a weary mind hath she;
A dismal deed in a dreary spot
Is with her memory!
Haggard she sits, with each guilty hand
Wrinkled and hard as the old sea sand!

III.

For ghostly forms in the red-light sit,
And trace on the cottage floor
The *name* that her conscience oft had writ
On her quailing heart before!
"Years cannot clear it," the beldam cried;
"Fathoms of seas cannot Guiltiness hide!

IV.

"Our first-born in his crib was burned,
Our boat wrecked in *calm* light;
All things from weal to wo have turned
Since that accursed night!
Wind, wave, and fire, their parts have sought—
Nothing can thrive 'neath that withering thought.

V.

"Proud blood—it hath a cruel spring!
It flows not through the heart;
'Twas hard to break that poor dove's wing
With none to take her part.
And yet Sin wove her shroud, and Pride!
What knew we of Glenallan's *bride!*"

VI.

A hideous form 'twixt life and death
Old Elspeth rose, and said
"Quick!—tell me where is he who saith
That Joscelind is dead!
Lands, lordships, lineage gone?—who made
The tomb wherein such Pride was laid?"

VII.

"In the ruins of St. Ruth she rests"—
Auld Ochiltree replied—
"Where Pomp and State receive their guests
Till worms their claim divide!
The Countess sleeps where prince and crown,
Beggar and scrip, alike lay down!"

VIII.

"Hie to Glenallan's lord my suit—
And with *this ring*, long known,
Say Elspeth of the Craigburnfoot
Hath speech for him alone!
Charge him to speed—ere fast and well
Death hides the secret I would tell!"

IX.

Nor answer more gray Edie made—
But on his mission sped;
Old Elspeth, like a corpse outlaid,
Or vision of the dead,
Her old accustom'd seat slow found—
Nor heard the winds which howled around.

LOVE'S REMONSTRANCE.

I.

What! for a word—an idle word?
And more in jest than earnest spoken?
Were I to note each breath I heard
My heart would soon be changed—or broken!
'Tis not when words are *sweetest* said,
Love's living flower blooms there to meet us;
The flower of love may still be dead,
Although its *fragrance* seem to greet us!
Then weigh not thou a word so slight,
Nor keep thy gentle bosom grieving;
The tongue that finds things ever right,
Believe me, love, 's a tongue deceiving.

II.

Oh, if my heart had sought thee less,
Mine eyes loved less to wander round thee,
That word of wounded tenderness—
That hasty word—had never found thee.
The *dew* that seeks the Sun's fond gaze,
His golden lips in gladness beaming;
Meets death within his *smiling* rays—
His gilded fondness is but *seeming!*
Then weigh not thou a word so slight
Nor keep thy gentle bosom grieving;
The tongue that finds things ever right,
Believe me, love, 's a tongue deceiving.

BETTER DAYS.

I.

'Twas said she had known better days!
Sad words—*how old on earth!*
The voice which fortune here obeys
Is but of fickle birth!
How oft we mark some faded dress,
Where decent pride betrays
Still mournfully, 'mid all distress,
An air of better days!

II.

Ah, poverty hath many a shape
To make the thinking weep!
The little hat whose scanty crape
Turns pale the widow's cheek!
They touch me most who fain would hide
Their fall from fortune's ways;
I can respect—nay love their pride
Who have known better days!

III.

When we our trifling cares reveal—
Cares which too oft we seek;
Could we but feel what others feel
Our lips would shame to speak!
To see the morn but not *the means*—
How dread that morning's rays!
Alas, they bear life's hardest scenes,
Who have known better days!

TO A MOTHER.

I.

Mourn! for thy boy, so beautiful, is dying!—
Dim close the eyes no light may e'er relume:
Mourn for thy flower, thy precious flower, now lying
Broken and bowed—and ne'er on earth to bloom!

II.

Weep for the little breast that heaves with anguish!
And plead where Misery never pleads in vain:
Better that he were dead than thus to languish,
Whilst life feeds but the hopeless pulse of pain!

III.

Peace!—'tis the last—the last convulsive feeling—
The lip yet quivers, but the heart lies still;
The parting soul is onward—heavenward stealing—
Far from the wo and weight of worldly ill!

IV.

Rejoice! thy boy, so beautiful, no longer
Droops 'neath disease!—Rejoice, his throes are o'er!
Thy bowed and broken flower is raised, and stronger
Blooms, where the storms of sickness beat no more.

V.

Bid not a tear ungratefully be given;
Let not a murmur linger where he trod;
Thy child of earth is now the child of heaven!
Thy heir, oh mother! is the heir of *God!*

VI.

Lift up thy spirit with this seraph vision,
That he so pure, so beautiful, hath fled
From our dim home, unto a home Elysian;
The paradise that waits the sinless dead!

VII.

And yet, forget not, but when early morning
Like a bright bird lifts up her golden plumes,
Think of thy child!—think, thus his soul, returning,
Glows in the heavenly east, as morning blooms!

VIII.

And still forget not! But when flowers are sighing,
And evening sunset fades along the west,
Think of thy child! yet, oh! not *pale* and *dying:*
But living, smiling, radiant 'mid the blest!

THE FISHERMAN'S CHILDREN.

"But to hear
The roaring of the raging elements,
To know all human strength, all human skill,
Avail not; to look around, and only see
The mountain wave incumbent, with its weight
Of bursting waters, o'er the reeling bark,—
O God! this is indeed a dreadful thing!"

SOUTHEY.

I.

SLOWLY the melancholy day,
In cloud and storm passed o'er;
Fearful and wild the tall ships lay,
Off the rude Northumbrian shore;
'Mid the thunder's crash—and the lightning's ray,
And the dashing ocean's roar!

II.

And many a father's heart beat high,
With an aching fear of wo:
As he gazed upon the ghastly sky,
And heard the tempest blow!
Or watched with sad and anxious eye,
The warring waves below!

III.

Oh! many a mournful mother wept;
And closer, fonder prest
The babe, that soft and sweetly slept
Upon her troubled breast;
While every hour that lingering crept,
Her agonies confest!

IV.

And *one* upon her couch was laid,
In deep and helpless pain;
Two children sought her side, and played,
And strove to cheer—in vain:
Till breathlessly, and half afraid,
They listened to the rain!

V.

"'Tis a rough sea your father braves!"
The afflicted mother said;
"Pray that the Holy arm that saves,
May guard his precious head!
May shield him from the wrecking waves,
To aid ye,—when I'm dead!"

VI.

Then low the children bended there,
With clasped hands, to implore
That God would save them from despair,
And their loved sire restore:
And the heavens *heard* that quiet prayer,
'Mid all the tempest's roar!

VII.

'Twas eve!—and cloudlessly at last,
The sky in beauty gleamed!
O'er snowy sail and lofty mast
The painted pennon streamed;
The danger and the gloom had past,
Like horrors—*only dreamed!*

VIII.

Swift to the desolated beach
The Fisher's children hied;
But far as human sight could reach,
No boat swept o'er the tide!
Still on they watched—and with sweet speech,
To banish grief they tried!

IX.

Long, long they sat—when, lo! a light
And distant speck was seen,—
Small as the smallest star of night,
When night is most serene!—
But to the Fisher's boy that sight
A sight of bliss had been!

X.

"It comes!" he cried, "our father's boat!
See!—sister—by yon stone!
Not there—not there—still more remote—
I know the sail's our own!
Look!—look again!—they nearer float!
Thanks!—thanks to God alone!"

XI.

Four happy, grateful hearts were those,
That met at even-fall;
The mother half forgot her woes,
And kissed and blessed them all!
"Praised! praised," she said, "be He who shows
Sweet mercy when we call!"

THE BIRD OF HOPE.

1.

A GOLDEN cage of sunbeams
  Half down a rainbow hung;
And sweet therein a golden bird
  The whole bright morning sung!—
The wingéd shapes around it, grew
  Enchanted as they heard:
It was the bird of Hope—my love—
  It was Hope's golden bird!

II.

And ever of to-morrow
The syren song began!—
Ah, what on earth 's so musical
As love and hope to man?—
I listened, thinking still of thee,
And of thy promised word:
It was the bird of Hope—sweet love—
It was Hope's golden bird!

III.

Though ours should be a cottage home,
From pride and pomp apart;
The truest wealth for happiness
Is still a faithful heart.
And thus it sung—"*unloving wealth*
Would never be preferr'd!"—
It was the bird of Hope—sweet love—
It was Hope's golden bird!

THE TREE OF THE VALLEY.

I.

The tree of the valley
  Waves gracefully round,
Its green leaves in beauty
  Adorning the ground!
But dark 'neath its verdure
  The broken bough grieves;
And deep are its storm-wounds,
  Though hid by the leaves!

II.

'Tis thus with ourselves—
  To the world we appear
All smiles, as unknowing
  A sigh, or a tear!
And little they think,
  Whom the light laugh beguiles,
That hearts which are breaking
  Hide sorrow 'neath smiles!

SWEET EIGHTEEN.

I.

Sweet eighteen!—graceful eighteen!
  Bring me roses—the birth-day flower—
Bathe them in dews where the fairies have been,
  To wreathe a charm for my natal hour:
Time will show me his magic glass—
  Future life in each varied scene—
Lights and shadows which come and pass
  Over the heart when it 's turned eighteen!

II.

Mother, oh! sing me again to rest,
Tender and fond as thy bosom of yore;
Father, I kneel, to again be blest
Over my prayers as thou bless'd me before!
Nature half grieving, half glad, appears;
Tears and smiles on the skies have been;
Just as I feel when I call past years,
And think that I *now* am—oh, sweet eighteen!

III.

Summer hath brought me a bridal dress,
Lilies all gemm'd with the treasures of morn;
Woodbines that twine, with their fondest caress,
Round the old cottage *where they were born!*
Thus will I cherish, thus hallow the spot,
Passing the moments your loves between;
For what are the pleasures my home has *not?*
Oh, what other years are like sweet eighteen?

GIVE ME THE NIGHT.

I.

Give me the Night, love, the beautiful Night!
When the stars in the heavens are glittering bright;
When the flowers are asleep on their pillow of leaves,
And no murmur is near, save the sigh the heart heaves;
When the spirit of tenderness hallows each scene,
And Memory turns fondly to days that have been;
When the valley's sweet waters reflect the moonlight—
Oh! give me the Night, love, the beautiful Night!

II.

Give me the Night, be it starless and long,
When the gay hall is sounding with music and song,—
When the genius of poetry breathes her deep power,
And, oh! Love itself is more lovely that hour;
When the dark curls of beauty more gracefully shine,
And the eyes, bright by day, are at evening divine!
When all is enchantment that blesses the sight—
Oh! give me the Night, love, the beautiful Night!

THE FIRST PRAYER.

1.

Tell me, oh! ye stars of night—
In the ages ye have seen,
Aught more gentle, mild, and bright,
Aught more dear to angels' sight,
Hath there been;
Or more innocent and fair,
Than an infant's earliest prayer?

II.

Tell me, oh! ye flowers that meet
By the valley or the stream,
Have ye incense half so sweet,—
Fragrance in your rich retreat,—
That ye deem
Half so dear to Heaven's care,
As an infant's quiet prayer?

III.

Speak, and tell me, thou, oh! Time,
From the coming of the WORD,
Aught more holy, more sublime,
From the heart of any clime,
Hast thou heard,
Than the voice ascending there,
Than that lowly infant's prayer?

SONG.

The winds are blowing winterly!
Lonely o'er the midnight sea,
Frozen sail and icy mast
Shiver in the northern blast!
Wild birds to their rock-nests flee,
For the winds are blowing winterly!

O'er the moor the cotter strides—
Drifting snow his pathway hides;
Stars keep trembling in and out,
As though too cold to look about!
Glad he'll see his own roof-tree—
For the winds are blowing winterly!

By the fire the cotter's dame
Sits, yet scarcely feels the flame;
Often looks she from the door,
Fearing sad that dismal moor,
And weeping for her son at sea—
For the winds are howling winterly!

CANZONET.

I.

The flower thou lov'st—the flower thou lov'st—
Oh! would I were that blessed flower;
To be with thee where'er thou rov'st,
Thine own young breast, my beauteous bower:
To feel thy warm lips, soft and sweet,
Breathe fondly o'er my crimson bloom:
'Twere bliss to die if thus to meet
So kind a death—so fair a tomb!

II.

The flower thou lov'st—oh! 'twere indeed
A fate of unalloyed delight;
Thus on thy beauty's breath to feed,
And gently fade in thy loved sight:
For, oh! when every leaf was gone,
That once thine eyes with light could fill;
In *spirit* I would linger on,
And float, *in fragrance*, round thee still.

REMINISCENCES.

> "That breathless agoniz'd suspense,
> From whose hot throb, whose deadly aching,
> The heart hath no relief but breaking!"
>
> MOORE.

1.

I KNOW it is not beautiful!
That in the vale below,
Far gayer gifts of summer bloom,
And brighter waters flow;
I *know* it is not beautiful!
But, oh! unto my heart,
It breathes a charm of vanished days,
No other scenes impart.

II.

The days once eloquent with tones,
They never more may bring,
Sweet as e'er wooed a woman's lip
To Love's delicious spring;
Deep as the distant clarion's breath
Upon the moonlight air,
Inspiring high and glorious deeds,
It were a pride to share!

III.

The form whose beauty imaged forth
The vision of my sleep,
The painting of a youthful heart,
Romantic, warm and deep;
The voice—that music of my mind!—
Are with the spells of yore,
On which the morn may brightly rise,
But never waken more!

IV.

No gift of thine, love, meets my gaze—
No token fond and fair;
No, not—to soothe me in my tears—
A single lock of hair;
Thou 'st passed, my love, like some pale star
We look in vain to find,
Nor left to cheer my blighted path
One lonely ray behind!

V.

They tell me I am waning fast,
That leaf by leaf I fade,
They bear me forth with wreathed hair,
In jewelled robes arrayed;
They deem the festive dance may woo
My memory from this spot,
But, ah! amidst the courtly crowd,
Thou art the *least* forgot.

VI.

My eyes are wandering fast and far
To other shores away,
My soul is with thee in thy grave!
How can I then be gay?
I perish in their festive light—
I die amidst their mirth—
Oh! take me to thine arms, dear love,
From this cold cheerless earth!

NOTES.

(1) P. 259. L. 2.

Temples and palaces and statues vast;
And ships whose mighty prows defied the storm.

The ships of Sesostris the Egyptian Conqueror was formed of this timber, as also the gigantic statue of Diana in the temple of Ephesus.

(2) P. 274. L. 11.

Darius' chains, or Persia's spears?—
Away! breathe that to coward ears!

Darius immediately sent away Datis and Artaphernes, whom he had appointed generals in the room of Mardonius. Their instructions were to give up Eretria and Athens to be plundered, to burn all the houses and temples therein, to make all the inhabitants of both places prisoners, and to send them to Darius: for which purpose they went provided with a great number of *chains* and *fetters*. *Rollin.*

(3) P. 275. L. 1.

O Alalé!—The Greek shout of victory.

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